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HAMMER'S

THE MUMMY - the full film told in comics!

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HORROR

HALLS OF

DR JEKYLL
& MR HYDE

PHANTOM
OF THE OPERA

KARLOFF in
THE SORCERERS





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Frustrated adaptation of 1958 Docula; Krenos, Lee biography & filmography; 1930s FX; Blackies Horror, etc.



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Curse of Frankenstein Part 1, Devil's Daughter, At Hammer studios, Hammer make-up, Broken Horrors, etc.



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Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger

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HAMMER'S HALLS OF HORROR, Volume 2, Number 16, July 1978 issue

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It's funny really. In 1976, after our 17 issue, 3 year run of *Monster Mag* (all sought-after collector editions), I thought it was about time somebody tried an adult horror film magazine.

After all, most horror movies carry the "adults only" certificates (R in the States, X in Britain), so that's where the main following must lie.

The world's first-ever movie monster magazine (*Screen Ghouls*, *Pop Publishers of Croydon, 1947*) had been aimed at adults, featuring *Dead That Walk*, *Teenage Werewolf* and *Robert Bloch*, but since then, outside of fan-magazines with small circulations, publishers had aimed at the kiddie-monster market only, with fan-filled magazines.

I also believed such an up-market movie magazine could provide a chance for me to realise another ambition of mine — to produce adult comic strips. By "adult" I didn't mean sex-comics, but artwork the artists could be proud of, knowing they were aiming at intelligent adults, rather than drawing down for children.

After all "comics", like horror film magazines were first created for adults, when *Ally Soper's Hell Holiday* first went on sale in Britain in 1975. Like horror film mags, they somehow lost their aim along the way.

So, the magazine would be

Editorial



Editor Dave and reader Russell — age 8

intelligently written, with comics used to illustrate horror film classics past and present.

Why comics? Because I believe in the old "a picture tells a thousand words" adage. The only real difference between comics and films is that films are moving pictures — invariably taken from

artists' drawn-out storyboards at that.

So, with the talent of some of the world's top genre authors and artists, plus the enthusiastic cooperation of Hammer Films, *Hell* was born.

But (well, it had to be leading up to something) — it seems I

totally underestimated the youngsters of today! About fifty percent of our mailing seems to be from readers well under 16 years old, many of whom have (somehow) seen the R(X)-rated horror movies and almost all of whom prefer our approach to the more jokey juvenile magazines.

What clinched the whole thing was an event that happened recently. By appointment, a reader came up to our offices one day. Russell Campbell, complete with monster make-up and outfit, who had travelled over 20 miles on public transport (heartless frightening everybody in sight) to meet us. Over lunch he told us how he reads every issue of *Hell* strips, features and all, and thoroughly enjoys it. His age? Eight!

So, in future, when we talk about an adult market reading *Hell*, understand that to mean anyone intelligent enough to read a magazine written on an adult level.

Needless to say, with the help of reading *Hell*, young Russell is getting glowing praise in his English language lessons.

It seems *Hell* isn't just entertaining and informative... but educational, too!

Dez Skina

Dez Skina (Editor)

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THE MUMMY

Starring

PETER CUSHING
CHRISTOPHER LEE
YVONNE FURMEAU
EDDIE BYRNE

... John Baxendale
Kharis
Isabel Arsenks
Muleonary

Directed by TERENCE FISHER. Screenplay by JIMMY SANGSTER, from the screenplay of The Mummy (1932) by John L. Balderston; Produced by MICHAEL CURRIER. Released by Universal (Britain: Rank). 88 mins. Technicolor



DAVID JACKSON

1932, A
JUNGLE CLIMBING
IN THE NORTH QUARTER
END OF A LONG
SEARCH BY ARCHAEOLOGISTS
STEPHEN BARRETT AND
JOSEPH BARRETT...

AFTER TWENTY YEARS
JOSEPH: **THE TOMB OF ANKHES!**
IT HAS TO BE!



BUT 'DO
LIFE! WE HAVE
TO LEAVE...

NO, WE CAN'T!
NOT NOW...

A SMALL PRICE, THEN
THIS BRIDE WE FOUND SHOWS
IT MUST BE THE TOMB. GET THE
MEN EXCAVATING, FIFTH...

AND THE REASON
WHY WE HATE
TO LEAVE IS BECAUSE
OF, JOHN.

IF THAT BROKEN
LEG ISN'T SET PROPERLY,
YOU'LL HAVE A LIMP FOR
THE REST OF YOUR LIFE.

BUT EVERY ONE
OTHERS WHO DIS-
SISTED WITH
BARRETT, INCLUDING
AN EGYPTIAN AND
OFFERED ANOTHER-
LY IN THE CAMP.

I ARRIVED TO YOU, SIR!
YOU MUST NOT BEER
INTO THE TOMB! THERE ARE
GOOD REASONS.



WE HAVE
OUR PLANS
AND IF YOU ARE NOT
FROM THE GOVERNMENT,
SIR, I SUGGEST YOU
WIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!

Script: Steve Moore

Artwork: David Jackson

THE MUMMY AND JOSEPH BARRETT: JOHN BAXENDALE; Kharis: YVONNE FURMEAU; ISABEL ARSENKS: EDDIE BYRNE; MULEONARY: CHRISTOPHER LEE

BUT THE EGYPTIAN STARTS TO WATCH. FOR TWO MOMENTS, UNTIL, FINALLY...

THIS IS IT, JOSEPH. THE DOOR SEEMS TO BE PRACTICALLY IT'S MOVING.

CAREFUL, STEPHEN! IT MIGHT BE TRAPPED!



AND THEN, TO THEIR AMBLEMENT...

UNTOUCHED FOR 4000 YEARS!



'HANDWRITTEN OF THE GREAT GOD KHEPHEW! IT IS HERE, STEPHEN! AWAAAAH!'

THIS WAS TO BE IT! LOOK AT THE SARCOPHAGUS!



AND LOOK! THE SCROLL OF LIFE! GO AND TELL JOHN!



BUT AS ANEPLER EMERGES INTO THE DAYLIGHT...

ARY! YAROSH!



WHAT THE DEVIL?

SHOCKED, ANEPLER HARDLY BELIEVES THE EGYPTIAN BEGINS HIM INTO THE TOMB. UNTIL THE MAN STARTS TO COME OUT AGAIN.

GET OUT OF THE WAY, DAMN YOU! WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE, STEPHEN?



BUT INSIDE...

AAAH! AAH! AAH!

STEPHEN! WHAT IS IT, WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING?



SOME KIND OF SHOCK... SEEMS TO HAVE HIT HIM HARD!

BUT THERE IS NOTHING TO BE DONE FOR STEPHEN. EXCEPT WIND UP THE EXPEDITION AND HEAD FOR HOME.



TRUE... BUT WE'VE A DUTY TO GET THEM BACK TO THE MUSEUM. AND THAT EXPLOSION WILL SEAL THE TOMB OFF FROM VANDALS.

THREE YEARS AGO AS JOSEPH COMPLETES HIS FATHER'S BOOK GARY...

IM SORRY, BUT I SHALL HAVE TO LEAVE FOR A FEW DAYS. I'VE GOT A LETTER FROM THE DOCTOR... MR FATHER'S WANTING TO SEE ME.

THEN YOU THINK HE MIGHT BE RECOVERING?



A LONG, TIRING JOURNEY TAKES BRANING BACK TO DARTMOOR... AND HIS FINANCE, ISABEL.

DOCTOR REALLY THOUGHT HE WAS INCURABLE. HE'S HARDLY SAID A WORD... AND THEN, SUDDENLY...



ENGLEFIELD NURSINGHOME FOR THE MENTALLY SICK

I'LL SEE YOU LATER. DON'T WANT YOU'LL COME TO DINNER THIS EVENING?

AND INSIDE...

YOU FORGET TO SEE MY FATHER?

I HAD TO TELL YOU JOHN... THE MURDER... FROM BRANING'S TOMB!



SHE'S IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM NOW.

SHIPPING LOVED PRINCESS AS A
BOLD TALE SPILLED FROM THE OLD
MINE'S LIPS.

BUT THAT NIGHT, SUDDENLY

NOT FOR ARMY.

IT'S COMING
TO KILL US ALL.
GET IT FIRST!

NOT HER... THE OTHER
MURDER... THE ONE I BROUGHT TO LIFE WHEN I READ
THE SCROLL... IT HATES US... IT'S HATES US FOR
DESECRIBING THE TOMB!

BUT
FATHER
NOTHING
HAPPENED
IN THE TOMB!

YOU'RE A FOOL, JOHN.
YOU'D BETTER GO...

IT'S HERE!
SOMEONE'S
FOUND THE SCROLL!
THE MOUNTAIN...
IT'S ALIVE! GET
IT FIRST! GET
IT FIRST!

LISTEN TO THAT
FROM THE MOUNTAIN!
IF YOU THINK ONE OF THEM ESCAPED?

I'M NOT TRYING TO FIND OUT!
IT'S BAD ENOUGH WITH A BOX OF
THESE 'LIKE ESTHAR RAVES...
GODDAM THERE!

BUT AS THE TWO LOOS
CHARGES URGE THE
HORSES ON.

THE BOX, FRY!
IT'S FALLING INTO
THE BOX!

NOT ANYMORE.

ARMENGET GRY IS THE
MINE OFFICER. I ENHANCED
THAT TWO TO BRING
THE BOX FROM THE
STATION. THE RELICS
ARE VERY
VALUABLE.

DON'T
KNOW WHY
THIS RICHESMAN
WANTS THE
MOUNTAIN, GET!

WNOH!

I'M SORRY,
SIR... BUT THERE'S
NO HOPE OF RECOVERING
THE BOX'S BOTTOMLESS
MINE.

AND AS SET READS THE SCROLL OF LIFE, STOLEN FROM THE TOMBS OF ANKOR...

BUT THAT NIGHT PRINCE
ARMENGET GRY AVENGED
HIS OWN DECEASED
ATTENTIVE.

...ARMENGET GRY...

EX UNKOR EX
ARMENGET GRY...

DON'T...
ARMENGET GRY...

IN TOWN.

AND THEN, AS
THE ARMENGET GRY
CLIMBED UP
TO THE CRYSTAL
PILLAR...

GO! DESTROY THOSE
WHO DESTROYED THE TOMB
OF OUR PRINCESS! AND MAY
THE GOD ARMENGET GO
WITH YOU

THERE ARE TWO DANGEROUS MEN TONIGHT. FOR
STERNEN BRANNING HAS DECIDED TO UNWIND HIMSELF
TODAY.



WE'RE KEEPING
YOU IN THE PENDING CALL
FOR A WHILE! IF YOU WANT
ANYTHING, END THE CALL. WE
WON'T BE ABLE TO RECALL YOU
IF YOU SHOUT.

AND SO STERNEN BRANNING IS LEFT
ALONE TO PUNISH... TO WAIT... AND
TO FEAR.



BUT THE WAIT IS NOT LONG.



BUT THE FEAR
IS GREAT.

NO! GET AWAY!
HELP! SOMEONE
HELP ME!

AND THE END IS NEARER.



OORRGH!



NEXT CITY, AFTER A HURRICANE
CONVICTED CRIMINAL'S REARINGS...

"ANYONE BY PERSON
OR PERSON'S UNKNOWN
BUT HE NEVER HAD AN
ENEMY IN HIS LIFE."

IF IT WEREN'T
THAT SOMEONE
WAS STAYING IN,
I'D SUSPECT THE
INMATES. COME
ON, JOHN, LET'S
HAVE A DRINK.



AND IN THE VILLAGE'S ONE PUB

SORRY, MR
BRANNING, TELEPHONE
BUSINESS? WHO COULDN'T
DO IT?

PLEASE LET
THAT DRUNK
FOREIGNER!

FOREIGNER?



JUST MOVED INTO THE BIG
HOUSE ACROSS THE CRUISEWAY.
DON'T TRUST ANY OF 'EM. I'M
AN OLD EGYPTIAN RELICS. BUT,
IS NAME IS...

EGYPTIAN?
I SEE.
I THINK I MAY
TRY A CALL ON
THIS MR. BET.
HAVE A DRINK
ON ME, PUL.



BUT JOHN BRANNING ARRIVES AT THE HOUSE.

GOOD DAY. UH... IS
THE MASTER OF THE
HOUSE AT HOME?

WHAT ARE YOU
DOING AT THE DOOR?
GET AWAY FROM
THERE!





"BUT KINGS
DON'T REMIND
ANYONE AND
RETURNED IN
LIFE HE HAD
LOVED THE
PRINCESS. A
FORGOTTEN
LOVE FOR ONE
WHO HAD TO
THE GOD KNEEL
HIMSELF."



"BUT NOW SHE WAS
DEAD. THE WORDS
WERE NO LONGER
BINDING AND SO
KINGS COMMITTED
THE LETHAL
MISTAKE OF
TRYING TO BRING
HER BODY BACK TO
LIFE. USING A
SCROLL THAT TO
HAVE BEEN
WRITTEN BY THE
GOD KNEEL
HIMSELF."

EX. UNKLE EK. AMIR. KNOX...



"BUT THE OTHER
PRIESTS ALREADY
SUSPECTED KINGS
AND HAD RETURNED
AS WELL. THERE WAS
NOTHING HE COULD
DO BUT SUBMIT TO
THEIR TERRIBLE
PUNISHMENT. FIRST
HIS TONGUE WAS
TORN OUT."



"BUT KINGS WAS
NOT EVEN ALLOWED
THE RELEASE OF
DEATH. HE WAS
BURNED ALIVE,
GUARDING THE
TOMB FOR
ETERNITY."



"THE
OTHERS HAD RETURNED
TO EGYPT. THERE I HAD IT
TOOK FATHER SO LONG
TO FIND THE TOMB"

"BUT WE ONLY FOUND ONE
MUMMY. TOMB. TWO SETS
IN THE MUSEUM. I'LL
LEAVE YOU WITH YOUR
LEGENDS. I'M GOING
TO BED."



TRY WHILE
WHENEVER AS TOMB, CHANGES
ONE REPAIRING



"HELP US,
GREAT KINGS. AND
WE WILL FILL THE
SECOND OF OUR
TOMB"



"SO NOW DESTROY THE
SECOND OF THE INFIDELS HAD
DECEASED THE TOMB OF
YOUR PRINCESS"



"BUT THE BRANDED RED-IRON
DOES NOT WALK UNSEEN."

BLIMEY!

"THOUGH A NOCTURNAL PORCHER IS
HARDLY LIKELY TO BETRAY HIM."



"AND ABOLISHED LATER, KINGS THE MUMMY
REVEALS HIS GRIEVE AT THE BURNING
HOUSE"

SKRA
KASH

continued on page 27

MEDIA MACABRE

FILM SCENE news

Good News

Hollywood producer Irwin Yablans has considerably widened the scope of his activities with a new outfit called Gorgona International Films. His opening deals include backing a low-budget suspense-horror movie called *Halloween*—from John Carpenter, the writer-director of *Dark Star* and *Assault on Precinct 13*.

Anything Carpenter makes is sold film entertainment of the highest order. Anyone, like Yablans, who helps further Carpenter's career wins our praise. He gets so much for his money! Carpenter is a great composer as well, about the only topnotch film-fanartist who can get along fine without John Williams!

New De Palma

Another Yablans—Frank—is continuing his partnership with the megalomaniac Brian De Palma. After backing *Bron's Carrie* follow-up, *The Fury* (with Kirk Douglas, John Cassavetes and Carrie Snodgrass among others), Yablans is now footing the bill for the entire Brian has been toying around with since 1955—*The Demolished Man*.

Subject: *Manila* in a telepathic society. **Treatment:** Ah, well, that's where the hold-up has been. De Palma's *Demolished* requires the designing of a whole new kind of visual language. He finished his first script for the project in 1974 and was still tinkering with re-writes last year, by which time he thought he'd never kick the problems and get it off the ground. We can't wait.

Oh, yes, by the way, *Bron's Fury* (judika *Carrie*) has music by the ubiquitous John Williams.

Director Killed

While scouting Filigree locations for his biggest movie, young American director William Girdler was killed in a helicopter crash—along with two assistants and the pilot. Girdler was 30 and while he had not yet made it beyond the strictly rip-off exploration genre, he was a total film buff and was displaying growing potential. He's probably

skies, projectionist, cameraman and composer. While stationed in Puerto Rico he shot two documentaries and wrote TV scripts for *I Dream of Jeannie* and two *Star Trek* stories (presumably co-written and re-credited as we can find no trace of them).

Out of uniform he set up Studio One Productions in Louisville, making 200 commercials and 14 documentaries. By 1971, he was into exploitation, co-writing and

Tony Curtis, declaring the contrary: it's a lack-luster unpeppery *Exorcist* rip-off with a 400-year-old demon—as Indian medicine man shrunk to 3ft by a ray and attacking Susan Strasberg. Curtis, in his all too frequent can-man role (a tarot reader who pres uppe middle-aged ladies) brings in a modern medicine man (Michael Auster) to handle the exorcism—and one wonders why any of them bothered. Scud effects are better than those seen. Only Burgess Meredith (who else?) has any fun with his medico role. Paul Mantel (re-Robinson Crusoe on Mars) plays another doctor.

From the first note of the score, you know it's not an important movie. The music is by Lalo Schiffrin—not John Williams.

Odd Award

Impossible to explain, but John Foster's *Little Girl Who Lived Down the Lane* won the *Best Horror Film* award at the fifth annual meeting of the Hollywood Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror. Somehow we've never really thought of *Little Girl* as a horror film; a good murder story, yes, and a good film, yes... but horror? Anyway John won the *Best Actress* trophy as well, in all other departments (ie of and history) the awards went where expected, right to *Star Wars* (two, *Best Director* and *Best Score*, were shared with *Close Encounters*).

Sherlock Returns

Sherlock Holmes, who now has a cinema named after him—in London's Baker Street, where else?—is returning to the screen. Top British playwright John Hopkins is responsible for writing *Sherlock Holmes* and *Jack The Ripper*, a \$4,800,000 Academy movie to star Anthony Hopkins (from *Audrey Rose*), Alex Guinness (from guess what), Christopher Plummer and, Ralph Richardson (as guess who) and John Gielgud (for luck). Budget



best known for *Abby* (a black *Exorcist*), *Grizzly* (a *Jaws* about bears) and finally, *The Manitou* (a Red Indian *Exorcist*).

Girdler made his first three movies when he was eight. He spent summer vacations with Hollywood relatives and first entered movies while serving in the USAF on the *Hurricane* project. This put the *Katibachian* through full film schooling, training at several studios as a laboratory tech-

directing *Anyham* of *Seton* and *Do The Hook*. Next he created Mid-America Pictures and drove in from like *The Zebra Killer*, *Abby*, *Shelby Baby* and *Project: Kill*. His last three releases were *Grizzly*, *Bay of the Animals* and *The Manitou*. When he died, he was preparing a \$12,000,000 of number, *The Dordlands*, for his *Manitou* producer, Mel Gandy.

Unfortunately, we must say that Girdler's *Manitou* is no great epitaph for him, despite the star

MEDIA MACABRE

comes from America and Canada. Perhaps they'll call him Sarelack.

Amy Shines

It's all happening for Brian De Palma's discovery, Amy Irving—who also happens to be Steven Spielberg's girlfriend. After a test run in *Garnie*, she's earned star-billing in De Palma's new lightener, *The Fury*. And now she's into the lead of MGM's *Voices* opposite Michael Ontkean from *Sleep With Me*.

Amy is the daughter of a Universal producer-director Jules Irving and actress Priscilla Pointer. Never heard of them, but we're sure to be hearing a lot about Amy. She's winning more plaudits than Amy Carter. And so she should.

Earl Rocks

Earl Owensby, the unknown actor-producer from North Carolina we introduced a while back (*Media Macabre*, Nov. 26)—playing the lead in his own project *Wolfbane*—has announced a new project, *Living Legend*. His co-stars will be Ginger Alden, Elvis Presley's "hancer", and Ed Parker, who used to be Presley's security chief from lycanthropy to Elvis, that's one mighty jump. Is Owensby trying to tell us something?

French Coma

Top French talent Jean YVES is setting up his first international project, *The Organ Hunters*—another scare - parts surgery movie Jean who, I hear you shout? He's the Breton-born radio-TV-movies comic, artist, actor, writer, producer, director, twice a killer in Claude Chabrol classics... and the inconstant windmill-tiller who made front page news all over the world a couple of years back by flooding Persien streets with marching and Chinese for his super-fantasy, *The Chinese in Paris*.

His latest batch of films

include Jodie Foster's first French film, which is perhaps why he's now preparing an English-speaking project in America: His *Organ Hunters* has congenitally trafficking in the latest hot commodity—human organs for the rich and needy, which should give a whole new meaning to most underworld clients' cry of, "I need a fix."

More over, YVES's film sounds like a sequel coming of MGM's *Coma*, which in its turn is highly

newly in 1989 for Chabrol's *One la bete morte* (known variously as *Killer!* and *The Saint Must Die*) and Le Beuchet/*The Butcher*.

French Dogs

And the director who gave Jean YVES his first film break with *La vie a l'envers/Upside Down* in 1982, has a nice contemporary horror shot as well, *The Dogs*

Brothers Barnum and Bailey Grant. Wonder where Allen got the idea from—De Mille's *The Greatest Show On Earth*? More likely Huxley, which has a Ringling ad on page 2 every week.

Edward Arnold is writing the script, giving Sterling Silliphant a rest from having to squeeze Richard Chamberlain into killer-bro or lolly infense sages. Warner Brothers foot the \$15,000,000 bill to cover "no less than six stars and two superstar names" and Ringling get a welter of free publicity. Fine—but how does Richard Chamberlain fit into a circus format...?

Bargain Basement

The TV division of American International Pictures sold \$28,000,000 worth of movies to the three U.S. networks last year, plus distributing TV fodder like *Sinbad Jensen* and 832 episodes of *The Avengers* world-wide, including countries behind the Iron Curtain. Their latest offer: 18 A.I.P. fantasy-cum-horror movies. They called this bunch: *Ghouls-Rama II*... What's that in Czech?

Meanwhile, AIP—the movies—have a big project on route: Jay Allen's best-selling book, *The Amityville Horror*—a true account of a long island confrontation with the occult.

Warning 1

Hollywood is being more honest than usual with the same-line on *Damen-Omen II*, "The first time," the late run, "was only a warning." Yeah, not to bother with the sequel!

Warning 2

It may be wrong to judge movies onto before they're made, but we're not expecting much from an Italian offering called *Big Hit in Monte Carlo*. Scenarios come from Luciano Vinciguerra and Sergio Donati. The first gave us *Once, Killer Whale*—which we all threw right back; and his



derivative of *Chinise Cuts*, the gothic thriller by Boleau and Nancopac, the French outburst of Chabrol's *Les diaboliques/The Fiends* (1955) and Hitchcock's *Vertigo* (1958). So it's not about time someone went back to the original source and filmed *Choice Cuts*—about a galleonist killing being put back together again with "appropriated" spare parts and limbs.

Jean YVES would be great in the lead. He was a memorable

shows how one man can take over an entire suburb, with a little help from the guard dogs he's trained and sold to all the residents... A case of the brain bit, as it were.

Big Top Disaster

Irwin Allen is following his *Swamp* shocker with yet another disaster thriller—*Circus, Circus, Circus!* Sorry, needless to say, is the 188-year-old Ringling

MEDIA MACABRE

partier supplied that horrendous piece of garbage known as *Holocaust 2000* in Britain, and rather more accurately as *The Chosen* in the States. There's must be the worst team-up since Michael Winner and Jeffrey Konvitz.

Even so, the producer is question (who shall, and should be, nameless) is searching for Hollywood stars. No doubt some fading names need the money...

Canada Spends

Screenwriters of the recent Terry Richardson mess, Joseph Andrews, are making ready a supernatural special for Canadian producer Garth Drabinsky to launch \$5,800,000 on. The scribes are Alan Scott and Chris Bryant. Their new work—upper-class mayhem with top families beset by supernatural dangers—is as unfilled, uncut and Drabinsky is ferring out a British director.

So what's wrong with David Cronenberg...?

Shaw Quits

Our man from Jaws and The Deep, Robert Shaw—"I'm more bankable than Paul Newman"—is ready to quit the movie-star business, after *Avalanche Express* with Lee Marvin. Good, we say, but we're showing our prejudices again. His reason is good, anyway: "The scripts are getting worse." Shaw should know. He's a better novelist and playwright than actor. Incidentally, his few well-acted films include *The Luck of Ginger Coffey* in Canada for Crowley Film (no fun of mine). His director then was Ivan Kautsky—who's handling *Star Wars 2*.

We Hear...

Donald Pleasence and Nancy Kwan's strange Cat film, which later became *Ocelot Cat*, has now been released as *The Darkness*. Well, you know what they say: all cats are grey in the dark.

... Dimension Pictures are

planning *King Tut Lives*. John Saxton and Angel Tompkins take on Mexico's Killer Bees, the third (forth...?) bee-movie of the year...

... the French just love John Boorman's *The Harems*—*Excusez M. well, somebody had to*...

Tony Crowley

BOOK news

"HORREUR ET EPOUVANTE"

A new history of the horror film comes from France in the form of *Horreur et Epouvante* (Moulin and Tivoli), a 1977 PAF edition publication. With not actually a complete, thorough history of the genre, more a 232-page paperback breakdown of "Les Genres Terribles."

There is a condensed history/introduction of the beginning of the book—but the main body of the publication is taken up with surveys of Vampire movies, Frankenstein Monster movies, Zombie movies, Werewolf movies, etc. Author Pierre Jean-Baptiste Genee traces the screen history of each classical sub-divison, and completes each chapter with a bibliography checklist. The coverage and observations are, surprisingly, routine—the sub-divisions are covered from beginning to present, and that's it.

Needless to say, the whole text is in French—relapsing the work in horror film buffs and complete librarians, outside of France.

Writing and reading not a book that covers the history of a popular genre, such as horror films seems something of a pointless enterprise these days—considering the wealth of material currently available on the subject. There are several "histories" of the horror film currently in print, and the addition of yet another title that reiterates most of the previous material goes to achieve little more than filling up the bookshelves.

Observation and analysis of a particular structure or theme within the genre may prove worthwhile reading, but when subsuming an so ambitious project such as a complete history (as this book has done) singular exploration of a sub-divison in any

detail is prohibited.

The Preface contains the by-one obligatory endorsement by Terry Fisher, but, unfortunately, doesn't go to make this book anything more than it already is: 28 pages "selected" bibliography complete the book, the only addition here being that some of the more recent films are included in the index.

Anyone who is already familiar with the horror film will not wish to cover old ground again, and those wishing to be introduced to the field already have a vast library of similar material to choose from.

In short, a fairly interesting item with some nice photographs and poster pages, but, nevertheless, an item strictly for the completist.

Available from specialist French bookshops, film bookshops, or directly from the publishers: PAF, 3 rue Jean-Baptiste, 75001 Paris, France. Price variable—dependent on source of purchase.



ARCHIVES OF EVIL

Horror story anthologies, hard back and paperback, are quite a common (and welcome) sight in bookstores these days—the vast number currently available offer a wide choice of reading material, covering almost a century of gothic literature.

Several of these books have been uniformly (Victorian tales, Vampire tales, etc.), while the majority are general collections usually published under the general title of the publisher or—as in this case—under the name of a celebrity.

Archives of Evil (W. H. Allen, London, 1957) is a general collection of weird and horrific short stories presented by Christopher Lee and Michael Perry. Available as hardback (£12 paper) at £3.95, the book contains eleven tales of terror selected by Chris Lee especially for the volume,

widely known and respected in his capacity as an actor, Christopher Lee is also quite known with the world of literature—especially the gothic variety. W. H. Allen previously published his *Christopher Lee's 'X' Curiouser* anthology, which (for those who haven't yet grabbed a copy) is still in print and generally available. Michael Perry is certainly no stranger to anthologies of weird tales: he has compiled and edited several excellent volumes of fantastic literature, two of which (*The Revolt of Brocadia* and *The Revolt of Frankenstein*) have been reviewed in past issues of *NR*. Mr. Perry has another *Revolt of...* collection due out shortly—this time dealing with the King Kong theme.

However, among the pages of *Archives of Evil*, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's *The Adventure of the Sussex Vampire* is quite a gripping tale for those who haven't already read all the Sherlock Holmes mysteries. The story tends to lead you down several paths before hitting you with a final impact. A nice sense of atmosphere is maintained in the last Holmes tradition.

The Act of Seven Pains by Peter Serrus is a fast-paced little story with a gothic style, somewhat similar to that of the "bloody" pulp of the 1940s. Needless to say, the story centres on a pack of carnivorous rats. For Rodman's *Skeleton*, probably the most stomach-upsetting tale in this collection, also takes through the text as a feature not unlike the pulp fiction of *Ward Tales*. In this story, Mr. Harris becomes rather apert when he discovers that there's a skeleton lurking inside him—well, a fiendly stranger offers to help get rid of it... but I won't dwell on that!

A story that tells us almost too regularly in horror-anthologies is M. F. Harvey's *The Great With Five Fingers*. However, this is such a superb tale of the supernatural that it justly deserves repeated inclusion. Most fans will recall the excellent movie version made by Warner Brothers in 1947, and starring Peter Lince.

Reading up the volume, there are stories by John Giller, Jack London, Theodore Sturgeon, Seth, M. R. Wakefield, Maurice Dendramidis and M. R. James with his short tale, *The Ash-Tree*. Maurice R. James is better known to film buffs for the adaptation of his *Crucible of the Abyss*, which became the classic movie *Night of the Demon* in 1950.

Archives of Evil is certainly a nice volume of fantastic stories, with quite an eye-catching colour dust-jacket, which would not only make good reading but a nice item for the collector's bookshelf.

TV

Completing our director Michael Reeves series (*Witchfinder General/The Conqueror Worm (HoH 12)*; *Castle of the Living Dead (HoH 17)*; and *Revenge of the Blood Beast/The She Beast (HoH 19)*); John Fleming now looks at the Boris Karloff starring movie . . .

The late Michael Reeves' best-known movie is *Witchfinder General* (1968; US title *The Conqueror Worm*). But the previous year he made a film which took the classic horror theme of mental possession and twisted it by making the audience identify not with the victim but with the people who are possessing him.

The idea of *The Sorcerers* is the ultimate in voyeurism. The voyeurs actually experience what they are spying on. The film (rather oddly) won a Golden Award award at the 1968 Trieste Science Fiction Festival. Actress Catherine Lacey won a Silver Award for her performance and Boris Karloff had an award specially created for him.

Karloff plays Professor Monseratt, an elderly doctor of hypnosis who has been drummed out of the medical profession as a quack. For many years he has been experimenting in an attempt to improve his old stage act — hypnotising his audience by the use of psychedelic lights and sounds (the film was made in the flower power era.)

Monseratt is helped by his wife Estelle (Catherine Lacey). His ambition is to prove that, using his own brainpower, he can dominate another person's actions at a distance. But he has been reduced to poverty after newspaper exposure of his ideas. He can only dream of the day when his work can be finished . . . using a human guinea-pig.

Meanwhile, in a rather embarrassing swinging London, young Mike Roscoe is living the trendy life. He owns an antique shop. Nicole, a French girl, is in love with him but finds it difficult to understand his devil-may-care attitude. He is searching for something but he doesn't know what. Mike's friend Alan is a more sympathetic character who, to complicate matters, is in love with Nicole.

After a quarrel one night, Mike storms off from his friends. He meets Professor Monseratt in a Wimpie Bar and the old man offers him an exciting psychedelic experience . . . a dream of excitement with no penalties, no consequences. He goes to the professor's house and is "processed". In the ordinary mundane surroundings of a suburban living room, Monseratt has installed the special equipment he has built up through the years.

Mike is sent into the next room and the old couple successfully control his mind. But the experiment is a greater success than they'd ever imagined it could be. When Mike is commanded to crush an egg in his hand, both Monseratt and Estelle feel the sensation themselves. They can not only enter their subject's mind at will and at any time. They can not only control him. They can also feel, physically and emotionally, exactly what the subject experiences.

The Sorcerers



It is, for two old people, the chance to have what Mike was originally tempted by — a dream of physical and emotional excitement without penalties.

It has been claimed that the film is an allegory about going to the cinema — experiencing anything you want with no consequences. That theory is best left to the sociological intellectuals. Also best left to them are the two conflicting triangular relationships (3 young friends + 3 personalities in one mind) and the closeness of the young man's name, Michael Roscoe, to the director's, Michael Reeves.

Returning to the plot, Mike is sent out of the house with no memory of what has happened. When the old couple realise the extent of their success, the struggle starts.

The professor feels that this great new power should be given to mankind for all to share. Mike could be sent on a world cruise and a group of frail old people could "use in" to his physical sensations. But Estelle argues that it's too early. She and Monseratt have worked on the project for many years and gained nothing. Surely they deserve something. Let Mike work for them alone in the short term. Just a few more experiments.

Mike goes for a midnight swim and the old couple feel the touch of cold water and the almost forgotten experience of swimming.

But Estelle becomes corrupted. She persuades her husband to make Mike rob a far store; she wants a meek cat. And afterwards the professor is forced to admit he enjoyed the excitement of the robbery.

Mike, who is not aware of being controlled, is forced to speed along a highway on a motorbike so that Estelle can experience the exhilaration of high speed. She discovers that she can control the boy better than her husband. Once she realises this,



the floodgates are opened and her sadistic desires are uncontrollable.

There is a battle of willpower between the selfish professor and his selfish wife. Monserat loses and now Estelle alone controls the boy. She makes him beat up his friend Alan, strangle a girl pop-singer and stab his ex-girlfriend (Susan George) with a pair of scissors.

Mike is pursued by the police, Alan and Nicole. He escapes in a car. But the professor summons up his last ounce of willpower and momentarily regains control from his wife. He forces the car to crash. It burns into flames killing Mike and, far away from the blame, the professor and Estelle are simultaneously burnt to death in their home.

Made for only £52,000, *The Sorcerers* received mixed reviews in Britain, won the Grand Prix at the San Sebastian Science Fiction Film Festival and made vast amounts of money in the USA.

As a result, Michael Reeves was asked to script and direct a movie version of Ronald Bassett's semi-fictional biography *Witchfinder General*. A film which the British censor was to say exploited sadistic violence to the full.

By way of turning up our look back over the career of Michael Reeves, we are currently preparing for a *Fitzee Hall* a biography complete with comments from such stars as Ian Ogilvy (who appeared in all the Reeves films except *Castle of the Living Dead*, co-starring with such horror stalwarts as Vincent Price, Boris Karloff and Barbara Steele).

Mike (Ian Ogilvy—now better known as tv's *The Saint*) rips, forces pain, undergoes a mind control experiment at the hands of Professor Monserat and Estelle (played by Boris Karloff and Catherine Lacey). Below left, Monserat and Estelle begin to argue over their control of Mike's mind. Below right, When Mike's car crashes and he is burnt to death, Monserat's belated mind causes him to suffer a similar fate.



The Sorcerers (1967)

Boris Karloff (as Professor Monserat), Catherine Lacey (Estelle), Ian Ogilvy (Mike), Elizabeth Ekey (Nicole), Victor Henry (Alan), Susan George (Andrea)

Directed by Michael Reeves, Produced by Patrick Curtis and Tony Tassar, Screenplay by Michael Reeves and Tom Baker (from an idea by John Burke), Music by Paul Ferris

Time: 46 mins.

Cart. X

HISTORY OF HAMMER

Part Five. The Phantom of the Opera, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde 1960-1963.

By Bob Sheridan

In 1960, Columbia Pictures released *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll*, Hammer's first serious feature based on Robert Louis Stevenson's classic novel, *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (in the USA, the film was released by American-International Pictures as *House of Fright*). Hammer had already done a light variation on the theme (*The Ugly Duckling*—1959, Hoff 28), but it is *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll* which stands as the definitive Hammer version of the story.

As in *The Man Who Could Cheat Death*, Christopher Lee played a major role in Jekyll, but not the central one. Instead, the title character was portrayed by Paul Masnié, a Canadian-born actor in his late twenties. Once again, Terence Fisher directed, this time from a screenplay by Wolf Mankowitz. The major Hammer "touch" in this film concerns the characters of both Jekyll and his alter ego, Hyde. In Stevenson's novel, Jekyll was a dedicated scientist, and Hyde an evil brute. On film, Jekyll was invariably handsome and at least relatively young. Hyde became a monster, often resembling a werewolf. The Hammer version called for Jekyll to be an old, bearded man, while Hyde would appear as a handsome young nobleman. And so Masnié was put in the unusual position of playing the "monster" without any disgusting makeup, while he wore heavy makeup in order to play the "normal" Jekyll!

This reversal of the standard appearances of Jekyll and Hyde is the basis for the film's original plot. Beyond the basic premise of Jekyll's experiments concerning the good and evil side of every man, *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll* was little from Stevenson's novel or earlier film versions. Instead, the film offers an same plot in which Hyde's evil nature is demonstrated through his degradation of Kitty (Diana Adams), Jekyll's unfaithful wife. Through his debonair charm, Hyde attracts Kitty away from her love Paul (Christopher Lee) and eventually drives her to suicide. Jekyll, aware that his wife is carrying on an affair with his best friend, is unable to do anything about it. However, Hyde, the evil side of Jekyll's personality, takes great delight in using sin as a punishment for sin. In so doing, the moral avenger shows that he has no sense of morality himself—in fact, he welcomes any opportunity for immorality. In a grotesque parody of divine retribution, the punishment is worse than the crime.

In keeping with Hammer's format of an exciting visual climax, the film offers a great fire, which is not a cleansing of evil, but a triumph of evil. Hyde has set fire to

Jekyll's laboratory so that the world will think that the doctor is dead. His plan seems successful until the film's final moment, when Jekyll's essentially good nature asserts itself, and Hyde transforms back into Jekyll before an official organization which has just granted to Hyde the Jekyll estate. While many moral issues are left unresolved, the film ends optimistically, in that the good in one man triumphs over his own evil.

Christopher Lee has mentioned that his role in *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll* is a personal favourite, and the acting on the

character of Robin Hood. Fisher also mentioned Greene's notion of Robin as an allegorical figure. The film reflects the attitudes of both its director and producer/star, who had worked together on the *Adventures of Robin Hood* television series during the 1950s.

While certainly not in the category of a "Hammer horror" film, *Sword of Sherwood Forest* is of interest to followers of Hammer's mainstream monster output. This is partially due to the cast, which in addition to Cushing included rising star Oliver Reed in a villainous role. Further,



From Hammer's *Sword of Sherwood Forest* (1960). Sarah Branch (as Maid Marion) and Peter Cushing (as the Sheriff of Nottingham).

whole is of a very high caliber. Director Fisher commented on the film's use of his recurring theme of the attractiveness of evil (here represented by the handsome Hyde), and he mentioned that Masnié, in his dual role, "understood it and felt it".

Columbia next released Hammer's *Sword of Sherwood Forest*, starring producer Richard Green as Robin Hood, with Peter Cushing playing the villainous Sheriff of Nottingham. Director Terence Fisher stated that he enjoyed working in Ireland (where the film was shot), but that he never felt very deeply about the

film noticeably lacks the jolly spirit of most Robin Hood films, instead concentrating on images of suffering and death, and portraying the conflict between Robin and the Sheriff as a grim struggle between callous tyranny and defiant freedom.

Hammer's association with Columbia Pictures peaked in 1961; every Hammer film issued that year was released by Columbia! The first was *Viva la Caution* (changed to *Pursued to China* for USA release), a cold war thriller produced and directed by Michael Carreras from a



Gordon Wellesley screenplay. Starring Richard Basehart and Lisa Gastoni, the film deals with a scheme to aid a refugee in escaping from Communist China. This was followed by the release of a Halcyon-Falcon Production (Falcon was a Hammer subsidiary) entitled *The Fall Treatment* (Stop Me Before I Kill! in USA). Val Guest produced and directed, and also wrote the screenplay with Ronald Scott Thorn, author of the novel upon which the film was based. The plot concerns a mentally-unhinged man named Alan Colby (Ronald Lewis) whose new marriage to his beloved Denise (Diane Cilento) is hindered by his illness as well as the intervention of his psychiatrist (Claude Dauphine), who has designs on Colby's bride. The next Hammer film was *A Weekend With Lulu*, a light comedy which featured Shirley Eaton, who would soon gain fame as the "golden girl" in the James Bond movie, *Goldfinger*.

Although not set in the Victorian period most associated with Hammer horror, Hammer's next film was one of their major horror releases, and it was successful enough to start a trend of its own. *Taste of Fear* (Screen of Fear in USA) featured a Jimmy Sangster script which proved that gothic horror does not automatically require a period setting in order to frighten its audience. Further, the screenplay was original, not based on any previously-

established classic. The film's direction was entrusted to Seth Holt, a relative newcomer with only one feature film (*Nowhere To Go*) to his credit. However, the choice of Holt as director turned out to be a wise one, and, aided by Douglas Slocombe's atmospheric monochrome photography, Holt achieved an extremely effective eerie mood throughout the entire film.

In *Taste of Fear*, Christopher Lee portrayed a French doctor, as he had in *The Man Who Could Cheat Death*. This time, however, he had a much more sympathetic role, one which he brought across with as much conviction as he showed in his more famous villainous characterizations. The star of the film, though, was Susan Strasberg, who delivered a perfectly-keyed performance as a wheelchair-bound young woman who repeatedly comes across the body of her dead father (Andre Morell) in the most unexpected places. The film offers shocks and unexpected plot twists aplenty, right up to the ironic finale. Unlike Hammer's colour horror films, *Taste of Fear* was well-received by the critics as well as the public. In his double capacity as the film's producer and writer, Jimmy Sangster proved that there was more to Hammer horror than many people had previously realised. As a result of the picture's success, Hammer soon began to alternate modern-day



Above and below, Three scenes from Hammer's *Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll*, featuring Canadian Paul Meuse as the schizophrenic star. *As Jekyll* (directly above) he is a sensitive middle-aged doctor, as *Hyde* (below) he is mean, handsome, and sophisticated. As scriptwriter Wolf Mankowitz said, "Evil is attractive to all men. Therefore, it is not illogical that the face of evil should be attractive." For, while handsome, Hyde's character is ruthless, that of a man who exploits his good looks and's harm to gratify the evil in his mind.



thrillers with their better-known period pieces.

Taste of Fear was followed by *Watch It Sink!* a domestic comedy adapted by Falkland Cary and Philip King from their own stage play. The film, which concerns scion Derek King's attempts to wed Liz Fraser while on leave despite the interference of Fraser's mother (Marjorie Rhodes), was produced by Maurice Cowan and directed by Wolf Rilla. Hammer's next release was the Technicolor thriller *The Terror of the Tongs*, directed by ex-leading man Anthony Bushell from a Jimmy Sangster script. This atmospheric film features Geoffrey Toone as a captain who is searching for the killers of his daughter. As one might suspect from the film's title, members of one of the infamous Chinese Tongs are the culprits. The leader of the Tong, Chung King, is played by Christopher Lee, whose excellence in this film no doubt had some bearing on producer Harry Alan Towers' decision to cast Lee as Sax Rohmer's oriental master-criminal Fu Manchu in a series of films beginning in 1965.

The Terror of the Tongs contained no real elements of fantasy or the supernatural. Instead, like *The Strangers of Boneyay*, it horrifies by its depiction of violence and torture. A Hammer thriller of another sort entirely was released in the USA in 1961 by Columbia, although it did not appear in England until 1963. Directed by Quenton Lawrence, *Cash On Demand* was adapted by David T. Chazler and Lewis Greffier from Jacques Galley's TV play "The Gold Inside". In the film, Peter Cushing plays Fordyce, a bank manager forced to give the bank's money to a criminal named Hepburn (Andre Morell). No violence appears in the film, although Hepburn's threats are sufficiently horrifying. Appearing at the bank, he informs



Above: Taste of Fear, a 1961 Hammer thriller, starred Susan Strasberg and Christopher Lee. Below: Flashed by first rate screen villain Michel Ruel and the late Roger Delgado, Christopher Lee as the sinister Chung-King in Terror of the Tongs.

Fordyce that he has kidnapped the banker's wife and attached electrodes to her head. If Fordyce refuses to turn over all of the cash in the bank, his wife will be electrocuted, and thus afflicted with permanent brain damage! In the end, the film turns out to be a modern reworking of Charles

Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*, with Scroggins Fordyce learning the meaning of the Christmas spirit by undergoing a terrible ordeal. It is only through his horrible experience that he learns to appreciate the people who work under him, after despising and distrusting them to the extent that he had suspected two of his loyal tellers of conspiracy to embezzle bank funds. All in all, *Cash On Demand* was a modest film which succeeded on its own level.

1962 saw the release of only three Hammer films in England, but the first was a major production. In collaboration with Universal Pictures, Hammer offered their version of Gaston Leroux' *The Phantom of the Opera*. This was Universal's third filming of the title. The first, and closest to the novel, is best-remembered as a personal triumph for Lon Chaney, whose acting and self-applied makeup were brilliant (it also seems that Chaney directed the sequences in which he appeared). In 1943, eighteen years after Chaney's silent version, Universal cast Claude Rains in the title role of their Technicolor remake (the original version contained one colour sequence), which unfortunately concentrated more on the opera (and the singing abilities of Suzanne Foster and Nelson Eddy) than on the Phantom. While it retained the setting and two most famous sequences from the





Phantom of the Opera, a pre-production sketch the poster and an inspiring shot of the masked star. To see Lon unmasked you'll have to wait for our upcoming adaptation!





Above, below and right: Scenes from Hammer's 1961 release of *Captain Clegg*/Night Creatures.



Charley film (the tolling chandelier and the unmasking of the Phantom), the 1943 version was basically an original story, drawing very little from the Leroux novel. The Phantom, originally a criminal madman who escaped from Devil's Island, became a mask musician who wound up hideously scarred by acid after attacking a music publisher who had stolen the musician's concerto.

The Hammer screenplay, written by John Elder (Anthony Hinds, who also produced the film), was essentially a remake of the 1943 film, rather than a new adaptation of the novel. And, under Terence Fisher's direction, the Phantom was revealed as a more sympathetic character than ever before—but only after a fair share of atrocities, in the form of grisly murders, established the opera ghost as a monster to be feared (it develops that these killings were done, not by the Phantom, but by his henchman, a mysterious dwarf played by Ian Wilson). Even the chandelier and unmasking sequences were altered drastically. In earlier versions, the Phantom caused the chandelier to fall, murdering members of the opera house audience. This time, the chandelier drops by accident, and the Phantom leaps to his death in order to save his beloved Christine (Heather Sears) from being crushed as she sings onstage. It is at this moment that we see the Phantom's acid-scarred face, as he rips



away his concealing mask for a better view of the leap he is about to make. There is an unmasking sequence shortly before the chandelier scene, but it is unique in two ways. The Phantom is unmasked, not by Christine (as in the earlier versions), but by the evil Lord D'Arcy (Michael Gough), the man responsible for the Phantom's disfigurement. But the audience does not actually see the Phantom's face—only the back of his head! In this way the audience is prevented from experiencing any identification with D'Arcy, and so the film's real villain must face the horror, which he has caused, all by himself. If the audience had been shown the Phantom's face at the same time as it was revealed to D'Arcy, both the viewer and the villain would have shared a common reaction of repulsion, and there would have been less emphasis on D'Arcy's responsibility.

The *Phantom of the Opera* must ultimately be regarded as a failure, if a noble one. Universal obviously felt that they had latched onto a surefire box-office hit. Hammer had already established the value of handsomely-mounted colour remakes of classic horror myths, and *Phantom* had the advantage of never having been associated with any series of films. The *Phantom* never had a cinematic son, daughter, return, house, revenge, or meeting with Abbott and Costello. Hammer horror was big business—The *Phantom of the Opera* could have added dignity, or at least critical respectability, to Hammer and thus broadened the appeal (and marketability) of Hammer Films. In trying

to please everyone, Hammer instead disappointed many.

Christopher Lee, the obvious choice for the title role, was absent, and the Phantom was instead portrayed—quite ably, as it turned out—by Herbert Lee, fresh from his performance as Captain Nemo in Columbia's *Mysterious Island*. The only colour Hammer horror film before *Phantom*

which did not include either Lee or Peter Cushing in its cast was *The Curse of the Werewolf*, which had been a box-office failure by Hammer standards. More importantly, the horrific content of *The Phantom of the Opera* was slight. In an effort to attain acceptability, Hammer cut down the number of visual shocks, thus diminishing a major attraction for many moviegoers. And, while some critics praised the film's respectability, others attacked its relative blandness in general and its mild-mannered "monster" in particular.

Co-billed with *Phantom* in many situations was *Captain Clegg* (USA title: *Night Creatures*), inspired by the exploits of Russell Thorndyke's *Dr Sym*, the struggling vicar of Dymchurch Oddly, John Elder's script contained more elements of pure "Hammer horror" than were found in *The Phantom of the Opera*. Despite the absence of the supernatural, *Captain Clegg* offered skeleton-consumed men and horses as well as a huge, monstrous mutant as stand-ins for real monsters, along with violence aplenty. Peter Graham Scott directed a particularly effective cast including Oliver Reed, Yvonne Romain, and Michael Ripper. However, the film's strongest point was the performance of Peter Cushing in the title role. Whether as the ruthless pirate captain commanding a gang of scoundrels, or in disguise as the meek clergyman Dr Blum tending to the spiritual needs of his congregation, Cushing was both convincing and fascinating.

Captain Clegg was followed by a number of violent swashbucklers, the first—and most violent—being the Columbia release *The Pirates of Blood River*, directed by John Gilling, who scripted with John



A disappointing follow-up to Hammer's excellent *Taste of Fear*, the 1963 released *Mantas*, starring Kircho (Sichard) Markson



Above: Upon seeing the Phantom of the Opera (Herbert Lom), Christine (Hilthor Sturt) faces her doom.

Hunter from a story by Jimmy Sangster. The film deals with a morally corrupt Puritan community presided over by Andrew Kerr. Kerr's son, Kerwin Mathews, is condemned by his own father to a labour camp for loving a girl of whom Kerr disapproved. Escaping the camp, Mathews falls into the hands of a gang of pirates led by Christopher Lee. The pirates force Mathews to lead them to his community, where they seek a legendary treasure. The remainder of the film concerns the community's battle against the pirates, with man-eating penthu fish, infighting between the pirates, and various tortures enlivening the proceedings until Lee ends up impaled against a tree by a sword. The supporting cast included Oliver Reed and Michael Ripper among the pirates and Glenn Corbett as a friend of Mathews.

Hammer's next release, the first of 1963, also starred Kerwin Mathews, who virtually chain-smoked his way through the film's winding plot until the final twist and fiery climax. *Muskie* was written and produced by Jimmy Sangster, with Michael Carreras holding the directorial reins. Wilkie Cooper, known in fantasy fandom for his cinematography on Ray Harryhausen's finest colour epics, handled the film's black-and-white photography with his customary skill.

When released in America, *Muskie* was double-billed with *The Old Dark House*, a Hammer Film not released in England until three years later. When finally released in England, the film was in colour. America had received it in monochrome. In any case, *The Old Dark House* is one of Hammer's more unusual renaisances. If far

from the best American producer-director William Castle, who had begun chilling audiences in the 1950s with such films as

Maschke, *House on Haunted Hill*, and *The Tingler*, came to England—and Hammer—to do a horror comedy. Castle's previous film, *Zetzi*, had been a fantasy comedy starring comedian Tom Poston. Poston was recruited for *The Old Dark House*, which Castle directed and co-produced with Anthony Hinds. The film's tale came from James Whale's 1932 film based on J. B. Priestley's novel *Reverend*, which was also the nominal source of Robert Dillion's screenplay for the Castle version.

Despite the re-use of the title, Castle's film has little except some character names in common with the first *Old Dark House*. Whale's film was filled with humour, which observed the eccentric behaviour of its characters with dry wit and a touch of satire. Castle's film stands as a deflation of the term "mild-brow humour". "low-brow humour" would apply to the comedy of a team such as *The Three Stooges*. Despite this, the film demonstrates the usual Hammer production values, and contains at least one effective shock moment involving a pair of kissing-nipples.

Another unusual collaboration between Hammer and Columbia was *The Damned*, released in England in 1963 and in America (minus ten minutes and under the title *These Are the Damned*) in 1965. The film, based on H. L. Lawrence's novel *The*



Above and facing page: Two scenes from Hammer's Old Dark House, featuring Tim Penderel and Penelope Fildes (this page) and Joyce Grenfell (about to be attacked by two men—her left) on the facing page.

FLASHBACK

Ten years ago, June 1968. Long before such influential smash hits as *The Exorcist*, *Jaws* or *Star Wars* brought about hordes of films starring possessed children, giant creatures or interstellar epics, Hammer Films produced such winners as *The Devil Rides Out*, *Dracula Has Risen From The Grave* and *Frankenstein Meets The Destroyer*. Stanley Kubrick added the finishing touches to 2001.

So, in our ever-broadening look at the cinematic worlds of fantasy, and as a follow-up series to Denis Gifford's highly acclaimed "Golden Age of Horror" (Holt Volume 1), we proudly present **Flashback**.

Each issue, John Fleming will take us back in time exactly ten years to look at the fantasy films released during that month.

This issue we present.....



REVENGE

It is the 17th century. A princess is being tortured. As she screams, a bronze mask is held up to her face. It is lined with sharp spikes. The points are touching her skin. The mask is hammered into her face with a heavy mallet.

So starts Italian director Mario Bava's long-banned *Revenge of the Vampire*, which was released in Britain ten years ago, in June 1968. It had been made in 1960 under the title *La Maschera del Demone* (The Mask of the Demon) as a co-production with Jolly Films of Rome.

In 1961, it has been released in the US under the title *Black Sunday* (the one day every century when the Devil can rise and roam the Earth). The distributors, American International Pictures (AIP), were known for their low budget horror movies and had just had a big success with Roger Corman's *The Pit and the Pendulum*. So their poster held nothing back: "Hidden deep within us is the touchstone of terror... expose it... and the paralysis of fright will freeze you with HORROR! — ONCE EVERY 100 YEARS... THE UNDEAD DEMONS OF HELL TERRORISE THE WORLD IN AN ORGY OF STARK HORROR!"

This makes the film sound as though it is a cross between *The Exorcist* and *The Sentinel*. Which it is not. *Black Sunday* or *Revenge of the Vampire* is a stylish black-and-white horror. The *Hollywood Reporter* wrote: "This is the way they used to be made, during the great period of motion picture horror films." The trade paper's one hesitation in recommending the film, though, was that "some shots of the dead are considerably too imaginative for the very young, bordering on necrophilia."

In fact, the American newspaper ads for the film warned: "PLEASE NOTE: The producers of *Black Sunday* recommend that it be seen only by those over 12 years of age" and the US release print opened with a reminder that no-one under 12 should be in the audience. The British Board of Film Censors (BBFC) refused the film a certificate for public screenings, even to adults, for another seven years.

In fact, it could be seen under the strange British censorship system. In Britain, all Local Authorities have the right to pass or ban films although, usually, they let the BBFC exercise these rights for them. The

REVENGE OF THE VAMPIRE

British Horror Film Club urged its members to "start asking your local cinema manager to screen this film. If he is opposed by the members wanting to see this film, he may apply to screen it." If this "grassroots" pressure had worked (which it did not) a Local Authority could have licensed the film to play in its own area, ignoring the unofficial BBFC decision. However, the film was seen in Britain before 1968, at two National Film Theatre screenings for members (Under British law, private clubs can show unlicensed and uncensored films).

Black Sunday introduced Barbara Steele to horror movies. She was to become a cult star in a series of Italian shockers, including Michael Reeves' *Revenge of the Blood Beast/The She Beast* (see *Hall 19*). **Black Sunday** was also Mario Bava's first feature film as director, although he had been a lighting cameraman since 1943 and had directed five documentaries and shorts during 1946-1950. (More details of his career in *Hall 2*.)

Barbara Steele is Princess Asa, tortured then killed with the bronze mask. Her lover Javalo suffers the same fate. At their trial for witchcraft, the chief judge is Asa's brother. Just before she dies, she curses his descendants.

A century later, Dr Kravajin (known in some versions as Dr Choni) and his assistant Andrey Goebeck take a short cut through an eerie wood and find a crumbling, gloomy castle with a legend—the legend of a dying witch's curse. They find the witch's sarcophagus in a ruined chapel and, inside, the witch's body with the mask of bronze still nailed to her face. They remove the mask but Kravajin cuts himself and some drops of his blood fall into the open coffin.

Kravajin and Andrey leave; the blood revives the witch. Her flesh and skin, long since gone, slowly re-form to cover her bones. Her dead eyes, long since rotted, re-appear, glimmering, in their sockets, surfacing (as one critic put it) "like powdered eyes" to drive away the insects, centipedes and scorpions which have been scuttling around her dead body. One of AIP's posters super-imposed Barbara Steele's head on a brick wall, with the catch-line: "STARE INTO THESE EYES. Discover deep within them an unspeakable secret".

As Kravajin and Andrey leave, a figure



Above: Katla (Barbara Steele) makes her first eerie appearance to Dr Kravajin—and the audience—in the haunted woodland, little realising she is soon to be tormented by the curse of her black arts practicing ancestor, Princess Asa (also played by Barbara Steele).



Princess Asa, found guilty of being a witch, suffers a torturous death beneath the spell-castled mark about to be hewnured into her face

appears in a doorway. The black-robed witch, flanked by two huge dogs. Except it isn't the witch at all. It is her great-granddaughter Kasia, one of her cursed descendants. This part is also played by Barbara Steele, a fact which *Variety* found unimpressive. It commented that the "arena it bit confuses as to which of the two characters she is supposed to be or a given moment. She bears a strong resemblance to Jackie Kennedy and manages to be attractive in both parts, which may not have been the original intention."

However, the *Motion Picture Herald* was impressed with the "relentless quality (that) pervades the grotesque, shocking, horrifying story of *vampires, bloodsucking vampires*". And *New York's Film Daily* believed that "American International Pictures, the company that produces all relevant shock pictures that do sock business, has come up with a spine-chilling gem."

Now the screaming starts. A small girl sees a grave trembling in the local cemetery. A hand emerges, followed by a head wearing a moan, glistening, bronze mask. Javato's dead figure rises from the grave

and rips the mask off his face. Both the vampire witch and her lover have been re-born after a century of death. Dr Kravagan is bitten by the witch. "Cover me, kiss me. You will die. But you will know that beyond the reach of mortals." The doctor becomes a vampire.

Kasia's father becomes ill from shock after later seeing the witch and, when Dr Kravagan is called in to treat him, the good doctor drains the old man of his blood. Kravagan disappears, the father dies, a servant is found hung, another body is found in the river and Andrej is confused. He consults the local priest, who diagnoses rampant vampirism in the area. They go to the local cemetery, where they find Javato's grave empty and a freshly-dug grave occupied. By Dr Kravagan. The priest holds a sharp wooden stake above the doctor's face and drives it through an eyeball, through the skull's socket, into his brain.

Meanwhile, as Kasia is fearfully paying her last respects to her dead father, the corpse rises from its coffin with rolling eyeballs. Kasia faints. Her vampire-father is just about to drink her blood when he is

interrupted by Javato, who takes Kasia off to her revived vampire ancestor, the witch. Asa intends to take Kasia's place, draining the girl's youth and beauty, leaving Kasia the hideous corpse that Asa once was. But the reckons without Andrej and a band of torch-wielding villagers who look like they came straight from Castle Frankenstein.

One commentator called *Black Sunday* "the most original vampire tale since *Dracula*". The trade press was less ecstatic, though grudgingly complimentary, when the film was finally released in *British Kinematograph Weekly* called *Revenge of the Vampire* "perpetrations, clapping, but quite well done." *Daily Cinema* said the film was "consistently acted, but it is the director's skill at building up suspense which lifts the film out of the run."

There was no great commercial success in Britain. Partially because it was released by Border, a small distribution company. Perhaps also because *Revenge of the Vampire* played in a double-bill with *Song of Death*, the story of a half-man, half-jellyfish roaming the Florida swamps, a film which one reviewer called "unbearably bad".

Mario Bava's career has gone slowly downhill over the years since then. He is a second generation film-maker. His father was a sculptor who was asked by *Pathe*, about 60 years ago, to construct a tomb door for them. Mario has made his own grave. Starting with *Revenge of the Vampire* and continuing with *Black Sabbath* (1963), *Blood and Black Lace* (1964), *Planet of the Vampires* (1965) and *Danger: Diabolik* (1967), he has built a cult following. But he has frittered away his talent on cheap, throwaway films.

He himself admits: "I've shot some incredibly stupid movies. I couldn't refuse them and didn't have the time to re-write them. One of my big faults is that I try too hard to please the producers and then, in the end, they run against me."

Perhaps for this reason (shame) he has often worked under assumed names. John Farrow, John Hold and John M. Old. His only notable recent work was *Law of the Grade's* TV epic *Moses, The Lawgiver*, on which he was Second Unit Director and special effects arranger. He parried the *Red Sea*, but even that had to be done on-price.

Revenge of the Vampire (1960)

Barbara Steele (as Kasia), John Richardson (Andrej), Andrea Checchi (Dr Kravagan), Arturo Dominici (Javato). Directed by Mario Bava. Screenplay by Enzo De Crescenzo, Mario Bava, Marcello Costa and Mario Semerari from the novel *The Vix* by Nikola Gogol. Photographed by Ubaldo Terzani and Mario Bava, Music by Roberto Biscardi. Produced by Massimo De Rita. Distributed by American International Pictures (US: 1961). Time 88 mins.

THE MUMMY

Part Two





"MY BROTHER COLLAPSED AND NEVER RECOVERED, SO AFTER THAT I'M ONLY GUESSING BUT HE DID SEE SOMEONE RUN INTO THE TOMB."

BACK! AM KAYNWAH, NOTHING BACK!

BUT THE BROTHERS MURDERER GETS FROM ISRAEL AS BRITISH AS BRITISH IN THE TOMB.



A BIG BOX BEGGING A MAN FALL IN THE BOX

EGYPTIAN REBELS. I'M TOLD SIR. WE NEVER GOT THEM BACK THE BOX'S BOTTOMLESS THERE...

HUGE, HE WAS TEN FEET, NO EIGHT FEET TALL - ON ALL WRAPPED UP...

I NEVER REALISED BRIDE, BUT WITH YOUR HAIR DOWN, YOU LOOK JUST LIKE PRINCESS ANKARA



I'M FLATTERED... BUT THE MURDERER JOHN! WHAT ABOUT THE MURDERER?

BUT ALL THROUGH THE DAY, BRITISH BRIDGES TO TELL ISRAEL ANYTHING

DON'T STAY HERE, JOHN. THE MURDERER COULD COME BACK.



I HAVE TO STAY ISRAEL. IF HE DOES RETURN, I'LL BE OUR ONE CHANCE OF CATCHING HIM... GO HOME NOW.

WE FORGOT HIM IN THE CHAIRS THAT FOLLOWED. BUT HE MUST HAVE STOOD THE STROLL... AND THEN EVENTUALLY DOG THE MURDERER OUT OF THE CHAIRS OFF THEM.



YOU'RE RIGHT, I DON'T BELIEVE IT! YOU'RE TRYING TO TELL ME TWO MURDERERS WERE COMMITTED BY A DEAD MAN...





BUT COULD ANY ALREADY BE TOO LATE.
SO TELL ME, HARRY!
WHAT'S THAT?



BUT WHEN DO
YOU KILL A
DEAD MAN?

GET BACK...
GET BACK!



IT IS KNOWN... ON HIS FINAL MISSION OF
REVENGE!

THE GUN
IT'S GOT TO
WORK THIS TIME...



AND FOR A MOMENT, THERE IS A
GLOW IN THOSE LONG-DEAD EYES...
A SHADE OF RECOGNITION...

LEAVE HIM
ALONE!



NO!
STOP IT!



AND, TO THEIR AMBUSHMENT, THE MUMMY TURNS
AWAY.

JOHN! ARE YOU
ALRIGHT?



YET HE WHO WAS NO TONGUE CANNOT EXPLAIN
WHAT HAS HAPPENED, AND NEXT DAY

ONE TASK IS FULFILLED, KINGS, PRINCE
AND BOTH THE BURNING! BUT THE
DESCENDANTS
ARE DEAD.

VOR
NOR

WITH
THE DOOR!
QUICKLY
GET OUT OF
SIGHT...



AN ANSWER? THIS IS A
SURPRISE... ANOTHER
SOCIAL CALL?

RIGHT... I
WAS INTERESTED
BY SOME OF YOUR
QUESTIONS, MR. BEL...

DO COME IN...

YET BET MIGHT BE SURPRISE WELL ENOUGH.



BUT OUTSIDE WAITS INSPECTOR MULDOONEY, SOMEWHAT LESS SCEPTICAL THAN BEFORE.



BUT THIS ALREADY THINGS.



AND SO, THAT NIGHT...



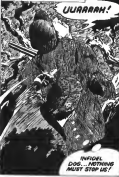
AND, AT THE SAME MOMENT...



AND...



BUT THERE WILL BE NO SIGNAL.



NEARER THE HOUSE.



BUT THE INTRUDERS HAVE ALREADY PASSED MULDOONEY'S DEFENSES.





WARLORDS OF THE DEEP

In answer to countless requests on how a fantasy film is made, last issue we took you behind the scenes on the making of the new John Dark/Kevin Connor film, *Warlords of the Deep* (originally titled *7 Cities to Atlantis*).

We looked at how the original idea was put together, the scripting, the storyboards, and how the actors were selected. This month, we move on to the completion of the film, through the actual shooting, the special effects, the dubbing and the music.

Feature by Catherine O'Brien and Tony Crowley

Shooting began on September 5, 1977. With mundane but vital camera-fitter tests on the special effects—octopus, a *zurg* monster and the golden statue (the key to this underwater rock bubble) on Pinewood's underwater set—everything at 1/24th scale model size.

Monsters are the very stuff of any fantasy film. They are also a nuisance, taking the most time to shoot—and/or work. Ask Dino de Laurentiis... Which means on *Warlords of the Deep* that Roger Dickson's model work had to be finished first, in order to go before the cameras first. Monsters are Roger's business.

And all because of the day he saw Boris Karloff in *Frankenstein*, after stepping by the adult-only box-office as a fresh-faced kid in a trilly hat, deep voice and cigarette in his mouth. "It worked! I got in and that film made a permanent impression on me, moulded my career into what it has become today. From that day on, I wouldn't rest until I created my own movie monsters."

It took time. It always does. But he managed it, gaining a terrific pedigree after working with Harry Anderson, Stanley Kubrick, Michael Reeves, Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee, Vincent Price... and finally sharing an Oscar nomination with Jim Danforth for their work on Hammer's *When Dinosaurs Ruled The Earth*. "We were pipped at the post by Disney's *Bedknobs and Broomsticks*, which was made with an immeasurably greater budget. No matter, that was one of the biggest landmarks of my life. Jim and I hit it off right from the start. I made the models and he did the animation."

At Pinewood, Roger Dickson continued making the special effects roost on *Warlords* for the next 23 days, busy with his octopus (the real star of this show), the horrendous *Zaarg* and Mogolian mutants attacking the lower cities, and mixing it all up with dry ice mist effects and explosions galore.

It was September 12 before any actor showed up on the film—and then Peter Gimmot only popped his head in, literally. A plaster cast of his head was required for

"I'm very high on this movie. It's exceptional within this genre of film-making. The best thing Britain has ever made. No question about that."

Jim Atkinson, Dubbing editor.

the crystal helmet which would later show his marine biologist character the future of the world in striking holographic effects. One doubts if Roger, working in tandem with special effects supervisor John Richardson, even realised a human star had been around. They probably missed Lea Brodie, too, when she arrived for make-up and hair-style tests. Too preoccupied with blasting away, defending Vaar from the onerous, tank-like *Zaarg*... which a few weeks later on location, would kill off Lea Brodie's father, the captain of the *Mare Celeste*.

It is the career of an expert backroom brain like Roger Dickson which can, perhaps, best answer the perennial question received from *Hell* readers. How to get into special effects?

For the Portsmouth-born Roger, it began by being adamant about not following his father's profession.

"I was a dreamer," he says. "Always making models and things." While his other schoolmates were into model airplanes and battleships, Roger was down at the public library, busily sketching pterodactyls from books and making them in plasterine models at home. "I was only interested in arts and crafts at school, almost treated the other exams as if they didn't exist. I was in a world of my own." He was popular enough at school, though. Every Friday afternoon, during the one free period of the week, Roger entertained his class with his own *Punch* and *Judy* show. Soon enough, he graduated from hand to string puppets. Then he saw Karloff and started making *Frankenstein* models and masks.

At 19, he teamed up with a bunch of



other Pompey lads and formed The De-Lugani Horror Show, touring the clubs. "I was Dr. Lugani, the M.C. Master of Censures." What else...?

"It was a little comedy shock show, more like a night club act. One of the guys I introduced as Dracula, and he used to get out of his coffin to bow to the audience. I always had the lights turned low and a few friends planted in the audience—so that the 'spirits' would speak to me from all over the club!"

But his official entry into show business had to wait until after his national service in the Army. That should have been a two-year delay. Not Roger's way. "I wouldn't have minded if there has been a war on, but to interrupt my serious intentions in life with a lot of nonseral tasks like white-washing coal just wasn't on. So, I played the idiot and after a few months

they got the message and said the Army would do without my services."

Back at home, Roger Dicken began combining his flair for model-making with cinematic ambitions. He bought an old one-camera and started filming his models in a garage. When he heard that his idol, Ray Harryhausen, was coming to Britain to make *Mysterious Island*, Roger wrote to the master and received the first of several important letters in his life. Harryhausen invited him down to Shepperton studios. Their discussions sealed Roger's future. "I knew the only job I wanted was to follow Ray Harryhausen's example and create enjoyable fantasy for films."

He began by tending the props at the Royal Court Theatre in Chelsea, a short job ending when the resident prop-maker was ill. Roger transferred from stage to television at the BBC where someone told him of an advertisement from the *Seagray* TV series in an old paper. Roger sorted through all the BBC dust-bins until he located the paper in question, wrote to Gerry Anderson for an interview—"look around various bins and pieces I'd made and they said I could start as soon as I liked."

Coincidentally enough, at this time, Roger Dicken had visited a clairvoyant. She told him of two offers coming his way—he should accept the second. The following week, two letters arrived. One from the BBC wanting to renew his contract, the second from Gerry and Sylvia Anderson's A.P. Firth. *Thunderbirds*, marked the

Dicken debut in film. He worked on the series, until realizing he'd accomplished just about everything he could on an 11 puppet show. He needed a fresh challenge. Right on cue, another letter arrived. From a former *Thunderbird* colleague—she had told Stanley Kubrick about him.

The next challenge was a classic 2001. "Stanley was still fiddling around with this massive production, dreaming up all sorts of weird and wonderful schemes. He was even thinking of bringing some alien creatures into the film. I took my little reel of film to show him my stuff. He said it was great—and why didn't I join Joy Seddon on making the moon terrain as seen through the spaceship windows... while he thought about the aliens."

Roger worked on 2001 for a full year before the next letter hit the mail. From producer Tony Tenser, naming up *The Blood Beast Terror*. "He offered me the job of making a giant, blood-sucking moth woman. Naturally, I kept at it. This was my first chance to put my own original monster on the screen. The star of the film was Peter Cushing—he always makes every film a joy to work on."

For another Tenser project, the late Michael Reeves' *Witchfinder General* (US title: *The Coqueret Worm*), Dicken hung a couple of witches with his own special line of ropes, burnt two more at the stake and 'dressed a spike which drew blood without actually penetrating the skin'. For which, Actors' Equity members will, presumably, forever be grateful.

Next came his Hammer work with Jim

Left: The Medusa, a huge creature of the deep rears up, to attack the film's heroes. Below, right: Doug McClure has his hands full when he takes on the Atlantean gillmen.



Danforth on *When Dinosaurs Ruled The Earth*, followed by Christopher Lee's *Sears of Dracula* and his first association with producer John Dark and director Kevin Connor, *The Land That Time Forgot*.

"John told me they didn't wish to use animation on that film. Could I come up with some other technique that would look realistic on the screen?" So I decided to give them the very large puppeted creatures I made a sample and took it to John. He said, if I could come up with all the other monsters on the same principle and with the same impact of conviction, things would be humming."

Hence, Dark-Connors-Dickon humming arose on *Washbuds*.

Ruger's off-hand mention of "very large puppeted creatures" is about all he will reveal about his monstrous secrets. Having been around guarded folk like Harryhausen, Danforth and Kubrick, Roger Dickon knows well the importance of keeping his own trade secrets to himself. Suffice to say that if puppetry works wonders for *The Muppets*, the technique is far better suited by Dickon with his mammoth Mogdian rising from the black waters around the Antlantean causeway.

He also invented the first shock monster of the film. The giant underwater snake-fish attacking Doug McClure and Peter Gilmore, inside their diving bell "The snake-fish is a variation of the Loch Ness monster," explains Roger. "But he has large and dangerous snapping jaws, intent on securing the odd pound of flesh from the marine explorers' legs."

And what of *Superocto*, the scene-stealing, boat-crushing star of *Warlords*—what's that made of? Again, Roger Dickon retains his tricks.

"The octopus," he explains, "is the guardian of the entrance to Atlantis, and responsible for dragging the diving bell and the ship's crew underwater to a subterranean beach—one explanation of the Bermuda Triangle. Our special effects wizard, John Richardson, is responsible for the actions of this *Superocto*, as we called him. I'm solely concerned with the miniature, on which the larger one was based for perspective shots on the front projection screen."

"But naturally, John Richardson and I worked very closely together throughout the film, as he had the job of creating the action effects and the atmosphere of danger around my hand-made monsters—together with his highly skilled team of explosive special effects assistants."

ENTER John Richardson, fresh from recreating the entire battle of Arnhem for



Top: The *Texas Rose*, about to be attacked by a giant octopus. Centre: The creature strikes aboard. Bottom: How they did it. With the crew up to their chests in water, filming the life model ship.

the mighty anti-war epic, *A Bridge Too Far*, John is, as you'll soon understand, the explosive action man of British movies. Everything from *Straw Dogs* to *The Omen* and *Supremacy*.

Unlike Roger Dicken, John has followed his father's profession. Cliff Richardson is one of the foremost pioneers in special effect techniques, particularly explosives. "I learned to wire-up safe explosives as a child," John recalls, "just as other boys were learning their ABC and those Rs. By the age of 12, I was working alongside Dad during the three months' filming of Otto Preminger's *Exodus*—an Israel and Cyprus—an explosive film in every sense of the word."

But then, the same can be said for all Richardson films—father or son's.

Cliff Richardson obviously sensed his son's inherent interest in making movies go with a bang, but insisted John had a formal education. "He always said that I would go into the film business over his dead body—a strange expression for a man playing with fire! But he had to eat his words. Soon as I left school at 16, I was working with him on Carl Foreman's war film, *The Victims*."

His apprenticeship over, the first time John was hired as a fully-fledged special effects technician (under his father's supervision), was for a William Holden film in Malaya, *The Seventh Dawn*. The associate producer was John Dark, the Warlords producer.

Richardson, *per se*, continued blowing up numerous film sets around the world together—*Lord Jim*, *Judith*, *The Dirty Dozen*, *The Adventurers*, *Young Winston*—before and after John graduated to being a top special-effects man in his own right with *Duffy* in 1968. "Two of the most difficult films I did solo were *Straw Dogs* and *The Devils*."

He first joined forces with the Dark-Connors crew for *The People That Time Forgot*—child's play compared with the variety of tricks he pulls in *Warlords*. He takes explosive control of Roger Dicken's mutations and snake-fish, plus writer Brian Hayles' invention of gillmen guarding the gill-people—snatched from ships in the Bermuda triangle to serve the Atlanteans—and the diving-bell, dropping our heroes into the heart of the Atlantic. And right into trouble.

Plus, as if we should—or could—forget him, *Supercto*, the monster octopus, which wins our vote as the monster of the year. Air-purified rubber, or whatever it's made of, the octopus looks incredibly life-like. It's so real, it makes Bruce, the jaws shark look like Lazo.

It's John Richardson's job to put this subterranean nightmare through its paces, in model and super-life-size, during two lethal assaults on the crew of a marine exploration vessel, the 19th Century rigger, *Texas Rose*. The second attack marks the octopus' final glory. It smashes the *Texas Rose* into matchwood, sinking what's left

into Bahama waters.

Except, the Bahamas waters are off the shores of Goxo... on location!

Location shooting in Malta began on October 1, 1977, once again with all-important camera tests. Doug McClure, Shane Rimmer and young Ashley Knight (skipper and cabin-boy of the *Texas Rose*) were in the first positive takes. By Monday, October 3, Kevin Connor had the film on the go... shooting aboard the *Texas Rose*, complete with diving bell, smoke effects, McClure, Gilmore, Rimmer and his crew. Before long, everyone else was into the act, on the boat, or on the shore—Les Brodie, Robert Brown as her father, Michael Gough as the stately Atlantean Atrax, stunt doubles Marc Boyle and Doug Robinson. It's all happening. Seven crewed arsons, or estrus, working for about £14 a day, six

of the camera unit swallowed water from the miniature tank and was sick during filming... the cook cat has fingers in the kitchen... stuntman Marc Boyle scratched an arm... and Doug McClure needed treatment for dust in his eyes.

Worse still happens on the first day in Goxo—Wednesday, October 12. Around lunchtime, when the diving bell has been raised to allow painting underneath, it slipped the block and tackle and crashed down on the deck. A painter was trapped under the bell by his arms, and a girl member of the real crew of the real boat (the *Atedonelo* being used as *Texas Rose*, was struck on the head by the falling block. Both accident victims were rushed to hospital, and released after X-rays. A very serious, even fatal accident had been narrowly avoided.



As the giant octopus attacks, McClure, Gilmore and crew bravely try to defend themselves

stand-ins for the stars at half that rate.

On Wednesday, October 5, the real-life battle with the Zaugs at Yaar (City 4) begins. With the help of script, the story-board and commensurate time will later be matched with the model works of the advancing mutations, already in the can at Pinewood. The shooting features the air-lifted 9th by 4ft miniature Zaug claw—to trample Robert Brown to an early death.

It's only a fake battle, of course. Robert Brown and his fellow gill-people are shooting cannons at monsters which are lying on shelves at Pinewood. But the daily Progress Report sheets makes it sound like the real thing. One electrician fell off a wall, and grazed an arm and both legs... the property master did much the same... a plasterer got a splinter in his hand... one

But the diving bell was out of commission, damaged beyond immediate repair—it could not be used in the afternoon's shooting on deck. The entire bell was transferred quayside and replaced by the life-sized version of the golden statue (already packed up by the miniature diving-bell at Pinewood) for other deck shots. However, by the time the statue was rigged—safely—on board, the light had gone, the weather had deteriorated and it was impossible to shoot anything. So it goes in film-making.

Director Kevin Connor is not one to waste time, though. He rehearsed scenes for the next day. Time is money.

It took a couple of expensive days to repair the diving-bell, and that was about the sole activity going on. So the warnings

cancelled shooting at sea. Indeed, it had become so rough that the unit's nurse had to be taken off the boat. The movie was sea-sick.

By October 14, a replacement base collar for the bell had been collected by construction manager Syd Nightingale from a factory in Malta. Bringing the new collar back to Gozo was not that simple—a special permit had to be obtained to “ply by night”. Once in Gozo, Syd’s construction team worked through the night affixing the new collar in order for the bell to be ready for action the following morning. And it was.

The rest of the location shoot went off without hitch. Apart from a few scratches, Doug McClure was hit in the head by one of Roger Dicken’s flying snapper fish. John

the special effects unit, with a miniature whirlpool right up until Friday, January 13, 1978—an odd choice of final day for the normally very superstitious John Dark. He’s obviously been touching a veritable forest of wood.

Compared, for example, with the welter of headlines and considerable anger surrounding the re-making of *King Kong*—the full-sized Kong that never functioned, the bits and pieces that had to be used instead, the money spent or rather lavished on the filming and the almighty rows which erupted into the gossip columns and continued right up until the Kong Oscar row—*Warlords of The Deep* was wrapped up as neat and as tidily, and as swiftly, as a baby in nappies.

The bow of it all is quite simple. Team-

again on our next picture, *The Arabian Adventure*—is having the people who will be working for us involved in writing the script. My production designer, my technical art director, my production supervisor, and various other people in all the various other departments—Roger’s, John’s, Jim Atkinson’s—are actually involved in the development of the script. So, when the time comes that we hit the floor, everybody knows what it is all about.”

That way they’ve all had time aptly to solve their multifarious niggling problems before shooting starts. Not during it. Of course, that is the theory with most films. Just doesn’t seem to happen on most movies, though.

If the shooting of *Warlords* was now over, the film was far from finished. As January disappeared into April, the final magical touches were added to the new product. The holographic sequences, the stunning opening sequence of writer Brian Haylen’s aerosol from Mars crashing into the sea... The score had to be composed. And the entire mélange of dialogue, music and necessary sound-effects, had to be seamlessly wrapped up, all neat and tidy—the final king on any fantasy cake.

In this case, the king had the added touch of surrealism genius.

ENTER Jim Atkinson, who may even yet beat Superman to being the real star of the show. His job, or position, is labelled *sound effects*. It doesn’t sound enough to cover his expertise in sound. He works more like some explorer into the last great unknown territory, which is how he regards the future development of the movie soundtrack.

Okay, talks have been with us for many years. But few are the pacifists written to the hidden men in head-phones producing sound. (Unless it’s that hilarious disco-thing called *Sensurround*.) Even fewer are the directors renowned for placing as much emphasis on sound—pure sound, effective sound as opposed to simple sound-effects—as in their visuals. Hitchcock, certainly, Polanski, definitely; and more recently, John Boorman. To them sound means more than the merely well-recorded dialogue, the accompanying score, and maybe the odd train, boat, plane, bus or screeching brakes or heroic’s screams. Sound to them completes the picture; better still, it adds to the picture. Case in point, thanks Jim, is *Star Wars*.

Back on Gozo, Doug McClure had told John he’d felt something missing in their last film, *The People That Time Forgot*—“the something extra that had been in *At The Earth’s Core*.” “Yeah,” nodded John, “we had Jim Atkinson on Earth’s Core. He gives an extra dimension to our pictures. His track is more sophisticated than our visuals. That’s necessary and important. And that will probably put *Warlords* in a different league.”

Jim Atkinson pratts with sound. He talks



Above: No movie has the crew of the Venus Rose arrived in the underwater world (in a platoon of prime arrays) unscathed. Facing Page: John Richardson (second from left) as the model diver (left) (top) and looks over the small sea octopus model with special effects technician John Brown (bottom). While, middle, the octopus and diving bell as they appear in the finished film.

Richardson burns a foot with molten metal when welding some of his equipment. And one of the crew was knocked unconscious when the burn-door dislodged an air-lamp onto his head. Otherwise, everything was fine, and the Unit returned to Pinewood on October 31, to join up with the chief Atlantis, Cyril Chénier and Daniel Massey—trying to harness Peter Gilmore’s Alpha-intellect brain-power with a crystal helmet to serve their own ends.

Doug McClure wrapped up his work with a post-synching session at the studios on December 13, and was back in California’s Pebble Beach in good time for Christmas with his wife and eight-year-old daughter, Valerie. Shooting continued, though, right back where it had begun, on

mainland. From top to bottom:

ENTER producer John Dark. “Kevin Connor and I are boys who have come up through the business. We don’t have any illusions. We’re not on ego trips. We know that we have to make our product on a low budget and somehow make it work. Most people with low budgets think they should pay low people. Kevin and I think because we’re on a low budget, we have to hire the best people we can get to do the job. And we fight to get ‘em — any way we can. Sometimes—not very often as Jim Atkinson will tell you!—we might have to pay somebody a little more money than normal. We do so, because we want that person and we know that they can do the job.”

“Second thing we do—we’re doing it



of a mauve sound - an orange sound "I can create an orange sound for you. When that orange sound goes against that orange colour, it'll match. I'd used a malarong or vibes. Very rich. Very round. And very warm. That's orange!"

He can provide animal sounds, as well. An elephant is a trombone; a lion would be a 'cello. And the octopus? "To be honest, I started with a symbol instrument - bagpipes. A complete disaster! Bagpipes

he keeps. He's into zithers lovely, and records a lot of tubular bells—which came in useful in the Hall of Pleasure sequence in *Warlords*. The score needed innocent laughter among all the Atlanteans lounging around on couches, and a ripple of bells taking that sound over "So I used the two elements—you can't do a stylised soundtrack that nobody understands."

Unlike Roger Dicken and his models, John Richardson and his explosions, Jim

was a signals operator in the Army. Out of khaki, he got into documentary film as a would-be cameraman. "After I dropped a highly expensive camera out of a helicopter, they relegated me to the sound department—the most unexcited section in any film studio." He selected music for documentaries, the right music for the right woad, and got into jazz on discovering Miles Davis—soon amassing a collection of 2,000 jazz albums. Then came rock—he left film to manage two groups, Zebra and Legover, which led him to the intricacies of electronic equipment and its endless permutations for bleeding.

"The more you slow down sound, the more you begin to hear the harmonics of it. This is where sound gets exciting—unrealistic. I have whale sounds slowed down, for example. But I don't use that to be clever. If it doesn't have any emotional impact, I'll throw the idea out. Like I threw the bagpipes out. A nice idea, but it didn't work. But you have to try these things."

When Jim returned to films, it was on features, not documentaries. He was sound editor on *The Mad Mad Mad*, won his major break with *Karel Reisz*'s *Isadora Duncan* film, then John Boorman got the message about the highly individual Atkinson approach to movie sound. Jim worked on four Boorman vehicles in succession, *Leo the Last, Deliverance, Zardox* and *Exorcist II: The Heretic*. If the films stopped, the sound did not.

"In my opinion, the application of electronic sound to film, specially on a subject with the fantasy element and imaginative scope of *Warlords*, is one of the most fascinating new areas of film-making," declares Jim. "I've been trying this for years; I've been wandering around with newspaper stuck in my shoes, trying to do it—and received no encouragement whatsoever, except for several people. John Boorman is one. John Dark and Kevin Connor are the others. They are the only three people I've met in 18 years in this industry who can actually relate to the possibility that the soundtrack doesn't have to be the Cinderella of the film business... that there is almost no limit to the variety of sound effects that can be used to heighten the atmosphere of fantasy adventure."

John Dark is likewise very high on Jim Atkinson. "Let me say that I didn't woo James away from Warner Brothers in Burbank, from *Superman* and all points North—to ignore what he says to me."

Which explains why a certain co-memorial of the Manfred Mann group, a film/TV pop composer and arranger in his own right for some years, is supplying the *Warlords* score—the manquaship to Jim's sounds.

ENTER Mike Vickers, looking a cross between actors Dennis Waterman and Alan Howard, and as hugely fascinated by the possibilities of musical electronics as Jim is. Mike was the second person in



The megaplan attacks! Above: live action footage. Below: with creature added to the final film.



may look like an octopus, but it's a very limited instrument. I tried one of those rubber plungers you ram into blocked sink units, but finished up with violins and running an electric guitar up and down a mike-stand. Nothing new... the Ten Years After group did that years ago. Alvin Lee used to slide his guitar up and down the mike. And I remembered it... went back eight years."

Jim scores sounds. Anything important,

was not always turned-on by sound. As a lad in a Somerset village and later attending "a grotesquely expensive public school", he was turned off music. His mother, an opera singer, had pushed him into learning piano, and his teacher was a Beethoven buff who considered any other music sheer rubbish. Jim preferred watching gangster movies at the village cinema.

The first sound to intrigue him was the "staccato urgency" of morse code when he

Britain to buy one of Robert Moog's sound-synthesizers. (The first was ex-Beatle George Harrison.) "Any new instrument is an extension," comments Mike. "I became something of a pioneer in the synthesizer field which meant I got an image of being only into fantasy. Fortunately, I do like fantasy. I read a lot of science fiction." He records it, too; being responsible for Kenny Everett's recent *Cape Kraken* hit disc.

After three years with Manfred Mann, Mike went into freelance arranging for people like the Beatles, Scaffold, Tom Jones, Cilla Black, until the arrival of his highly expensive Moog synthesizer steered him more into composition. He started with TV themes and commercials—"For Skippy Nuts in America, I found different sounds for four different kinds of nuts"—and film like Harrison's *Dementia* AD 1972. He was called in as electronic specialist for albums like *Joni Cheut*, *Superstar* and the Beatles' *Abbey Road*. His reputation was growing, further enhanced by sending tapes of his experiments to music companies—which is how Jim Atkinson met him.

They worked together on two John Boorman films, *Deliverance* and *Zandee*. "It just helped Jim on a couple of sound effects." First time they worked as a full team, dubbing editor and composer, each adding to the other's audio gallery, was for Dark-Connor's *At The Earth's Core*. They make a deadly team, trying anything to smash through the traditional sound-barriers.

For *Warlocks*, they've even created literal underwater music, to match the subterranean cities. "Yeah," laughs Jim, "we buried the London Symphony Orchestra in the Serpentine for a week."

"Actually, we put one musician in a water-tank," explains Mike, "and got him to play instruments in the water. We



Above: Gilmore under the influence of the Atlantean mind controlling helmet, which reveals to him future events, but also sends up his alpha-level intellect, to leave him a mindless hulk.

recorded them from below, underwater. We tried everything—saxophone, violin, bassoon, post horn, French horn.... The result is a series of strange, whispering sounds—like echoes—blurred over so you're never sure when one sound stops and another begins."

"We didn't, of course, sink the entire saxophone," adds Jim. "Just dangled the bell of it in the water. We used a special microphone underwater and you get a strange wall of bubbles and a musical connotation to it. You wouldn't know it was a sax. I found, though, that you can

actually play a violin underwater—unbelievable sound! An enormous rumbling roar with a musical sound attached."

What about the dialogue? Once taken prisoner in the Atlantic, Gilmore and the Texas Rose crew are underwater, although no water is seen—they're encased inside the asteroidal cities. To be strictly accurate, shouldn't they sound different?

"Oh, they will," grinned Jim, over lunch with John Dark. "They will. There's a line in the script, 'you'll never escape from this rock bubble,' which describes the whole feeling of water passing over you, of living in a vacuum. To match that mood, I'm using a piece of equipment I got to grips with in America, never heard of it until I got out there—a harmoniser. This can lower or lighten the pitch of a voice, a musical note or any sound. I'll tell you, if it wasn't for the harmoniser a lot of very well-known singers would never be in pitch...."

"In other words, as I speak now, it's possible for a harmoniser to drop the pitch of my voice and yet still allow the soundtrack to remain completely in synch. So, when they go diving into the unknown Atlantic, I intend—with the blessing of everyone that surrounds me—so have the voices drop in pitch. Because you're right—voices change underwater."

"Aha!" said John Dark. "Lovely!"

Which doesn't leave any more to be said. Apart from a harmonised echo of John Dark and Kevin Connor's basic and well-proven filmology used. "We are the best people we can find for the job. And we fight to get 'em—anyway we can."



TERROR FROM THE TOMB



In issue 15, following our adaptation of *The Mummy's Shroud*, Alan Frank wrote an overview of Mummy films, from 1899 to 1956, deliberately leaving out the Hammer series to be covered later. So, following our comic strip of Hammer's *The Mummy*, we now present John Brosnan's look at all the Hammer Mummy series.



Who cares whether you've got a mummy made out of bits and pieces or walking around because some guy has sprinkled magic powder in a tomb like in the Mummy films? There's no variation you can make with a Mummy film. The first one that Universal made was okay, but the rest? Rubbish! It all comes down to this: Mike coming out of a tomb covered in bandages. There's nothing very horrible about that after you've seen it once."

That was producer Kevin Francis talking at a time when it seemed that his company, Tyburn Films, after the release of *The Ghost and Legend of the Werewolf*, scored out to challenge Hammer Films (and before the market for these low-budget type of horror films practically vanished overnight). Francis was explaining why he wasn't intending to make any mummy films himself and he certainly had a valid point because, of all the traditional horror film themes, the mummy one seems to have the least potential for variety. But none of the mummy films, and that includes both the first Universal and Hammer ones, have had anything like the stature of the other horror classics.

Apart from the limitations of the plot the main mistake made by the film makers is that they have never taken full advantage of the obvious horror of the situation. A mummy is, after all, a living corpse (I'm referring only to movie mummies, of course, not those rather boring things that lie around in museums)—a person who has been embalmed alive for countless centuries—yet little of this comes across in the average mummy film. Instead the mummy is usually treated as some sort of mindless automaton, a robot in bandages, who carries out the evil commands of someone else. The exception to this was the

1932 Karloff version (in that the mummy himself was in control of the situation, sort of) but Christopher Lee, in Hammer's 1959 film, did manage to leave his portrayal of a mummy with certain imaginative touches. Not only did Lee's lean form and awkward, disoriented way of walking correctly suggest there was a dedicated body beneath the bandages but the facial make-up also enabled him to make effective use of his eyes. By a combination of body mime and facial expression Lee was able to give the impression that there was a tortured mind

involved and this increased the basic horror of the character (as Lee has always rightly maintained that a sympathetic monster always has more impact than a purely malignant one).

The scenes of Lee, as the mummy, rising out of the swamp at night are the most memorable ones in the film but also impressive is the final sequence where the mummy attempts to carry the girl (Yvonne Furneaux) back into the marsh. Once again Lee's eyes reveal that the mummy isn't just an animated corpse but a creature that still retains a vestige of self-awareness. But though Lee was excellent in the part he didn't enjoy playing the role. "Going through those swamps holding the girl on in front of me," said Lee, "caused an enormous strain on my arms and back. And with all the wires and tubes and jets and pipes in the radio tank crashing into your skin I was torn to bits, bleeding all over the place. That doesn't sound like anything particularly unpleasant but it was. And going underwater to 'appear' out of the swamp—I don't like that sort of thing."

The Mummy's facial make-up also caused Lee a great deal of discomfort. As make-up man Roy Ashton recounted in our interview with him in *Hall 2*: "Unfortunately I didn't realize that my first attempt at mummy make-up would adhere so closely to his face. It was very uncomfortable for Chris because there was nowhere really for him to breathe! Actually the only place where the air could get into the make-up was around the eye-holes." In subsequent mummy make-up jobs for the sequels Ashton devised a facial make-up that allowed for the presence of nichols and various civilities that prevented pressure



Opposite: Christopher Lee as Kharis, *The Mummy*. Top left: Richard Huntley and Fiona Vroom discover the tomb of Anck-Su-Namun, *The Mummy* (1932). Above: Yvonne Furneaux as she is carried off by Kharis, also from Hammer's 1959 remake.

on the actors' faces, but though this undoubtedly made the actors themselves happy it meant that the mummies in these sequels appeared less distinctive than the Lee version (subsequent mummies were also much bulkier physically than Lee's which made them very scope-like in appearance).

Hammer's *Mummy*, directed by Terence Fisher, can't be described as a copy of the original Universal film though it did incorporate some of that film's plot ingredients, such as the flashback to ancient Egypt showing the circumstances leading up to the mummy's creation (formerly a high priest called Kharis, the mummy had committed sacrilege by attempting to bring his dead lover, the Princess Ananka, back to life). But whereas Karloff only appeared briefly in bandages in the 1932 film, spending the rest of the time as a rather dry-skinned but otherwise normal-looking gentleman in a fix, the Hammer version split the central character into two different people—the mummy remained the mummy throughout the story while the mysterious man in the fix became a latter day follower of an ancient religious sect. Jimmy Sangster's screenplay had the mummy, under the control of the Egyptian, being used to murder the members of a British archaeological expedition one by one. Karloff, in the original, was mainly concerned with persuading a girl, Helen Grosvenor, that she was the reincarnation of the long-dead Princess but Sangster doesn't dwell too much on this aspect of the story. Instead

Yvonne Furness's resemblance to the mummy's dead lover is treated as being almost just a coincidence and is mainly used as a device to distract the mummy's attention when he's attempting to throttle the life out of poor Peter Cushing. The mummy's entrance into the Cushing household at the beginning of this sequence is quite spectacular—he suddenly comes crashing straight through the front door—but according to Lee it wasn't supposed to be that spectacular. "It was a prop door of light wood but part of the trick in that sort of thing is to make sure the door isn't locked, so that it bursts open just after your blows began to shatter it. On this occasion the door had been locked. I nearly knocked myself out going through it and dislocated my shoulder."

Apart from Lee's performance *The Mummy* isn't as memorable as the other Hammer horror classics of the 1950s but compared to the sequels it looks like a masterpiece. The first sequel was *The Curse of the Mummy's Tomb* in 1964. Directed by Michael Carreras and scripted by Henry Younger it was simply a variation on the plot of the previous film. In a Jack Gwilliam played Sir Giles Dalrymple, head of the inevitable archaeological expedition, who is shocked when his American financial backer, Alexander King (played by Fred Clark), announces that the mummy of its Anck, just exhumed from its tomb, will be exhibited on a world-wide tour. An Egyptian government official, Hashim Bey (George Pastell) warns King that such sacrilege will bring a curse down upon all



L FREEZE YOU
YOU FACE...

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concerned but King refuses to take his warning seriously. Of course people start dying before you can say Anthony and Cleopatra and the first to go is the father of beautiful Annette Dubois (Jeanne Roland). Shortly afterwards her fiancé John Bray (Ronald Howard) is attacked while en route to England on the ocean liner carrying the mummy but he is saved from his mysterious assailant by the sudden intervention of fellow passenger Adam Beauchamp (Terence Morgan).

In England the mummy (Duke Owen) disappears from his coffin, apparently brought to life by the reading of an inscription on an ancient Egyptian medallion, and goes on the rampage. It kills King, Sir Giles and even Hashim Bey (who was naturally the chief suspect up until that point) and then kidnaps Annette who naturally resembles someone the mummy used to know and love back in the old days. Eventually we learn that Beauchamp is the real villain—he reveals that he is a Ba, Ra's wicked brother (what imagination there is) and goes on to show when it came to naming them. As punishment for murdering Ra (they were both in love with the same girl) Ba has been cursed to endure eternal life but hopes to escape this fate by ordering Ra (who is the mummy, in case you've forgotten) to murder Annette and then kill

himself so that they will be together in death. The climax takes place in a sewer—John Bray arrives in the nick of time and saves Annette from Ba and Ba and then Ra kills Ba and ends the film by bringing down the roof of the sewer on his head (no doubt he died flushed with success).

Even less memorable was *The Mummy's Shroud* in 1966 which was written and directed by John Gilling. Once again it was the same old story—a tomb is despoiled, a curse is invoked and a mummy goes on the rampage before finally being destroyed. About the only original thing in the film was the manner of the mummy's departure—instead of sinking into a swamp or being buried in a sewer the mummy actually pulls himself to pieces (after someone reads the right words from a sacred shroud)—first crushing his head to powder between his hands and then proceeding to destroy the rest of himself until there's nothing left but a few bones, some bandages and a lot of dust. The only other memorable scene in the film is the one where Michael Ripper (a marvelous character actor and a Hammer regular), playing a psychotic, near-sighted, little man is killed by the mummy in a particularly cruel touch: the mummy breaks Ripper's glasses before tossing him out the window. . . .

The Mummy's Shroud wasn't a great financial success so it wasn't until 1971 that another mummy film appeared. This was *Blood from the Mummy's Tomb* but, significantly, it didn't even have a mummy or it despite the title. It *did* have a dead Egyptian princess (Valerie Leon) but she wasn't exactly what you'd call mummified—just the opposite in fact. Apart from that the film was all very familiar with its ancient Egyptian curses, reanimation, a series of murders, etc. Script writer Chris Wickings tried to season the mix by adding a lot of plot twists and an increased sense of mystery but this wasn't enough to make the film any more successful than the previous mummy sagas (the production was also handicapped by the death of its director, Seth Holt, during the shooting, Michael Carreras had to step in and finish the film).

Since then there haven't been any other mummy films (not in this country, anyway) but then the traditional gothic horror film genre has more or less been resigned to limbo for the last few years so we haven't seen *Dracula*, *Frankenstein*, etc. either. Perhaps Kevin Francis is right in saying that mummies simply aren't interesting enough to be successful horror film characters but one can't help feeling that it *must* be possible to make a really good—and horrific—mummy film . . . providing that the usual plot formula could be dispensed with. However with the horror film industry going in the direction it is these days it will no doubt be a long time before anyone makes the attempt.

The Mummy (1959)

Screenplay (by Sir John Hawkes) by Christopher Lee (Shroud); Peter Cushing (Annette/Dubois); Boris Karloff (Mummy); Terence Morgan (Adam Beauchamp); Jeanne Roland (Annette Dubois); Ronald Howard (John Bray); Michael Ripper (Hashim Bey); George Pettit (Giles); George P. Costello (King). Directed by Terence Fisher. Screenplay by Anthony Burgess. Story by John G. Hill and based on a story by Hans Robert Paus and Robert Schlegel. Screenplay by Jack Asher. Art Direction by Bernard Robinson. Edited by James H. Hannay and Alfred Cox. Music by Frank Rabinowitz. Costume designer Anthony Nelson-Kaye. Produced by Michael Carreras. Released by Universal (Britain) (Joseph Rank). Time: 90 mins.

The Curse of the Mummy's Tomb (1966)

Screenplay (by John Gilling) by Terence Morgan (Shroud); Terence Morgan (Adam Beauchamp); Jeanne Roland (Annette Dubois); Ronald Howard (John Bray); Michael Ripper (Hashim Bey); George Pettit (Giles); George P. Costello (King). Directed by John Gilling. Screenplay by Henry Younger (Michael Carreras). Screenplay by Henry Younger (Michael Carreras). Produced by Oscar Heller. Art Direction by Bernard Robinson. Edited by James H. Hannay and Alfred Cox. Music by Frank Rabinowitz. Costume designer Anthony Nelson-Kaye. Produced by Michael Carreras. Released by Columbia (Britain) (Joseph Rank). Time: 90 mins.

The Mummy's Shroud (1966)

John Philip (as Shroud) Produced by André Hekau (as Shroud); David Rank (Paul Ripper); Elizabeth Balfour (Annette Dubois); George Pettit (Giles); Michael Ripper (Hashim Bey); Ronald Howard (John Bray); Jeanne Roland (Annette Dubois). Directed by John Gilling. Screenplay by John Gilling. Story by John G. Hill and based on a story by Hans Robert Paus and Robert Schlegel. Screenplay by Jack Asher. Art Direction by Bernard Robinson. Edited by James H. Hannay and Alfred Cox. Music by Frank Rabinowitz. Costume designer Anthony Nelson-Kaye. Produced by Michael Carreras. Released by Columbia (Britain) (Joseph Rank). Time: 90 mins.

The Mummy's Tomb (1971)

Anthony Hall (as Paul John Ripper); Valerie Leon (Mummy); Terence Morgan (Adam Beauchamp); Jeanne Roland (Annette Dubois); Ronald Howard (John Bray); Michael Ripper (Hashim Bey); George Pettit (Giles); George P. Costello (King). Directed by John Gilling. Screenplay by Henry Younger (Michael Carreras). Screenplay by Henry Younger (Michael Carreras). Produced by Oscar Heller. Art Direction by Bernard Robinson. Edited by James H. Hannay and Alfred Cox. Music by Frank Rabinowitz. Costume designer Anthony Nelson-Kaye. Produced by Michael Carreras. Released by Universal (Britain) (Joseph Rank). Time: 90 mins.



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RIGHT, NOW!

CHRIST! YOU LEFT TOO BRISK! LATE, CORRIHAN! HE CHAINED US UP!

BET MOVIN' BRANDT, WE AIN'T BLOWIN' THIS CHANCE NOW!



THEY PUSHED ON UNTIL NIGHTFALL, AND THEN...





CORRIGAN PUSHED HIMSELF EXHAUSTEDLY ON, FIGHTING AGAINST HIS HUNGER AND THIRST.



ANOTHER HUT—
LOOKS LIKE MY LUCK'S
HOLDING OUT! MAYBE I
CAN FIND SOME
FOOD THERE!



BUT, AS CORRIGAN
APPROACHED THE
FAR BANK...



THE CURRENT WAS STRONG
AND CORRIGAN WAS PULLED...



"BUT IMAGINE, DEAR
READER, THE FISHMAN'S
SURPRISE AND NOODLE
WAS AN EYE-OPENING
EXACTLY HOW I HAD
BEEN HOLDING
CORRIGAN BACK!"



HIS NECK WAS
CHAINED—LOOKS LIKE
IT SNAGGED ON SOMETHING
SEE IF YOU CAN GET A
LOOK AT IT!

RIGHT, CHIEF
SUCH DON'T
TAKE A SECOND

CORRIGAN'S BODY WAS
EVENTUALLY FOUND, BUT
TRY AS THEY MIGHT, THE
POLICE COULD NOT
RECOVER HIM FROM THE
RIVER'S BED.

End

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